

JUNE 1928

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers

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For June Birthdays and Graduation

THE exquisite beauty of Add-a-pearls (genuine oriental pearls) will delight every girl. It is the gift every girl dreams of having some day—a necklace of genuine oriental pearls for her very own! For June Birthdays and Graduation, give an Add-a-pearl Necklace, or pearls to add to one. The initial necklace may be started with five or more perfect pearls on a fine gold chain. Pearls may be added at any time and on all gift occasions. No gift will bring more Happiness than Add-a-pearls.

Ask Your Jeweler
THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
CHICAGO
"The Gift That Lives and Grows"



(Above) Ann and Ruth Allen, two sturdy Chicago youngsters whose mornings start regularly with a breakfast of hot Quaker Oats. They rarely miss a day at school.

A 20-SECOND-STORY IN PICTURES

Of how children properly provided with the great growth element of food develop mentally and physically

What that element is — How to supply it

Now a Delicious Oatmeal Breakfast in 2½ to 5 Minutes

In summer, especially, anything that conserves cooking time at breakfast is appreciated. Quick Quaker Oats is prepared as quickly as coffee or toast.

It differs from the regular Quaker Oats you have always known, only in being flaked thinner, hence it cooks more quickly. It retains the same delicious Quaker flavor, the same rich nourishment.

"Watch your children's breakfast," Mother! Start their days with food that "stands by" them through the vitally important morning hours of each day.

WHAT children need for breakfast, according to the most recent findings of foremost authorities on child development, is food that "stands by" them.

That means food properly balanced in the essential food elements **PLUS** an adequate supply of food's great growth element, protein.

When it is properly supplied, greater mental activity is indisputably fostered; greater physical strength and endurance promoted. When it is

lacking, children are listless, "dull." Few class leaders are found among children inadequately supplied with this element.

For that reason, Quaker Oats, with its remarkable protein content, is urged as the ideal children's breakfast.

16% is protein—plus—an almost perfect food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein. That element builds muscles. It re-supplies the body with energy lost in exercise and play. It, according to authorities, influences the mental activity of both children and adults. The oat contains more of this important growth element than any other cereal grown. It contains half again as much protein as wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as cornmeal.

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage that lessens the need for laxatives.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known can boast.

(Below) Agnes McCaul, 16-year-old winner of the health contest held in a southern state recently, watches her weight carefully. She is a hot oats breakfast enthusiast.



**Quick Quaker — the world's
fastest hot breakfast**

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats, that which you have always known and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

This Summer—Make Your Children the Happiest, Healthiest They've Ever Been!



Fully protected by Patents
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other Patents pending.

OH, THE loads of fun those youngsters of yours will have on the Merremaker—they'll slide, then teeter-totter, then play merry-go-round—happy, contented, and safe at home away from dangerous street traffic. It will hold their interest because there's always something new to do—they change it from one play to another themselves. Its active fun will keep them exercising every muscle in their bodies. Next fall you'll be happy over their rugged physical development. The Merremaker is a wonderful health-builder for children of all ages!

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As A
Merry-Go-Round



As A Teeter-Totter

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Merremaker
Corporation



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Minneapolis
Minnesota

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Registered U. S. Pat. Office
"A Complete Home Gymnasium"



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INDOORS and
OUTDOORS
the year round

Combines a

1. Swing
2. Trapeze
3. Horizontal Bar
4. Flying Rings



HERE is another one of the famous Merremaker health-building plays for children. It combines a swing, trapeze, horizontal bar, and flying rings, all in one piece of home equipment. Mail the coupon for complete description and the surprisingly low price.



Volume VII
Number VI

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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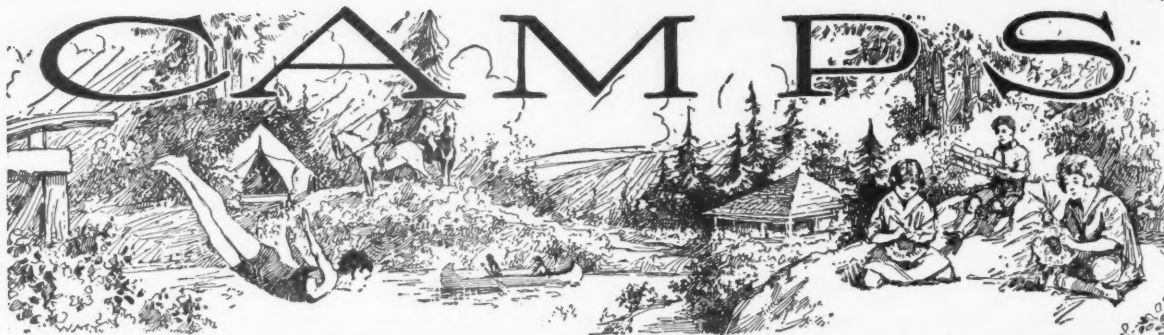


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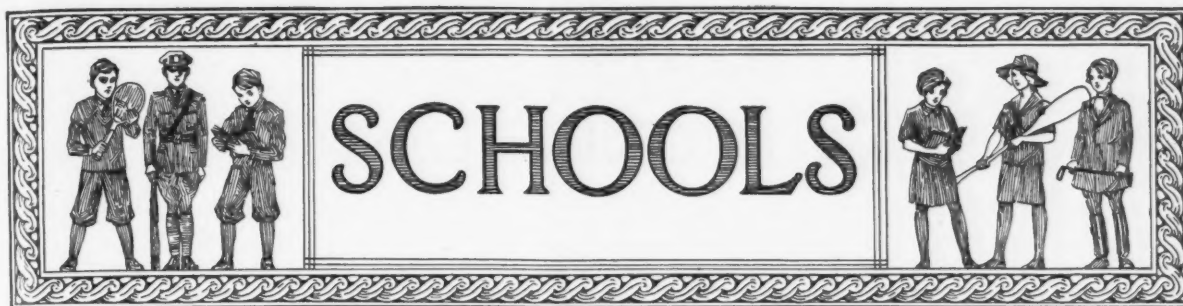
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CHILD LIFE IS INTERESTED

in children and their parents' problem in finding just the right school or camp.

We are placing at your service our information gained about schools throughout the states. We know the type of student of each school, its high qualities for which it can be particularly recommended, its tuition and innumerable other facts which parents like to know.

Tell us your problem; we shall write you promptly giving personal attention to your letter and conscientious care in the recommendation of the school or camp which we believe will be especially suited to your child's needs. Whether you wish to enroll your son or daughter for college preparation, a specialized course, in a good school for children or a summer camp, CHILD LIFE is equipped to give you suggestions. There is no charge for this service.

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For Little Girls 6-12

The unfolding personality of childhood is permanently enriched by directed work and play, beautiful environment, intimate acquaintance with nature and the best in art. French and Spanish taught conversationally. Piano and ear training. Dancing, riding, athletics. Handicrafts. Catalog.



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"Fairy Places, Fairy Things"

"The great day nursery best of all With pictures pasted on the wall And leaves upon the blind. A pleasant room wherein to wake" etc.

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For Tiny Tots, 1-12 Years.
1120 Constant Ave., Peekskill, N. Y.**STAMMERING**

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammers in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes with Nature in the speech process. If then we know what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. We can teach the mother how to cure her child or baby.

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Name of Parent

Location preferred

Address

Approximate Tuition

City.....State.....

Special features: (Activities emphasized in camp; college preparatory,

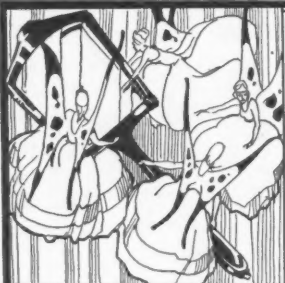
Age of Child

finishing, military, or junior school, etc.)

Sex

Religion

.....



JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Learn About the Six Sunshine Fairies and Magic Glass

Because of the interest shown by many of our readers in Advertising Land, Robert and Ruth will make a series of visits to the business homes of advertisers in Child Life.



SO THE Prince knelt down before Cinderella and tried the glass slipper on her foot. It just fitted! And no sooner had the slipper touched her foot than her old dress and apron changed into beautiful fairy clothes and in place of the Cinderella of the chimney corner stood the Cinderella of the Prince's ball."

Ruth stopped reading her story and looked over at Robert who was lying on his bed under the great big nursery window taking a sun-bath, for Robert had been sick and Mother said that sunlight was the best thing in the world to make him well again.

There was something funny about that window, too, that Ruth and Bobby had never quite been able to understand. The window had always been there, but when Bobby began to get well some men had come up to the nursery and had taken away the old glass and brought in new glass for the window. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with the old glass, and Bobby declared he hadn't even cracked it that day when he threw his marbles at it. But Ruth had heard Mother and Daddy talking one day and they said they were thinking of getting glass like that in the nursery window for the sun-parlor down stairs. "Vitaglass" they had called it, whatever that meant.

"Wouldn't it be fun, Bobby, to have a pair of glass slippers that would bring you a beautiful new dress every time you put them on?" asked Ruth.

"Humph," said Bobby, "I'd rather they'd bring me a new fire engine. Besides, glass slippers'd most likely break. I'd rather have the seven league boots. They

would be real fun," and Bobby's eyes sparkled.

"What's this about glass slippers and seven league boots?" asked Daddy, coming into the nursery in time to hear Bobby's last remark.

"Oh Daddy," cried Ruth, "it would be nice, wouldn't it, to have glass slippers that you could put on and that would change all your old clothes to beautiful new ones? Daddy, why can't things like that really happen? I'd like to know a fairy godmother who would give me slippers like that. Daddy, why can't I?"

Bobby still held out for the seven league boots, and Daddy, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "Well, Ruth, Bobby has a fairy godmother like that, even though he says he doesn't care much for the glass slippers."

Both children looked very bewildered, but when Daddy grinned like that it usually meant a story, and even Bobby began to get interested.

"Do you want me to tell you a true fairy story," asked Daddy—"about a really, truly fairy godmother, who changed old things to new with some really, truly glass that wasn't even made into slippers, but was just a big piece of clear window glass, called Vitaglass?"

"Yes," the children answered.

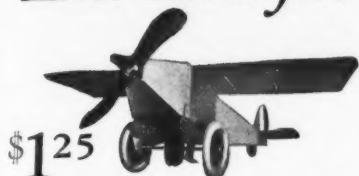
"Once upon a time there were six little fairies, and they lived way up in the sky in the Sunshine Palace. The only way you could tell them apart was by the color of their dresses. There was the Blue fairy, the Green fairy, the Purple fairy, the Yellow fairy, the Orange fairy, and last of all the Red fairy. They lived all the time in the Sunshine Palace, but almost every day they

(Continued on 370)





Like Lindy's!



"The Spirit of America"

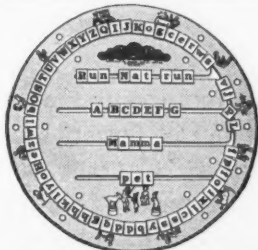
MONOPLANE

This popular new toy closely resembles the "Spirit of St. Louis". When pulled, propeller revolves and ratchet sounds like exhaust of engine, and tail bobs up and down. Strongly built of heavy-gauge steel—has no sharp edges. An ideal gift for Children's Day—June 16. Made by the makers of the famous American Flyer trains and Structo toys.

On sale at all Leading Toy Dealers

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THE MASTER SPELLING BOARD



Here's a great Child-Specialists' idea of a perfect Educational Board, combining every desired feature of a Reader-Speller-Counter Board. The 'Master' plaything for pre-school and older children. Diameter 14½ inches; double-sided solid fiber; no metal to injure child. Two small and one capital letter sets on one side; numerals and counting set on other. Every child wants one. Ask your dealer, or send us \$2.00; we will ship postpaid. Descriptive matter sent on request.

THE H. G. CRESS CO.

221 W. Water St.

TROY, OHIO



Light as a feather
Beautifully made

This really beautiful bed will delight every little girl. Made of sturdy wicker-metal. Finished in walnut, ivory, or blue. Complete with cotton stuffed mattress and pillow in colors to match. 16" x 26" • \$2.00 Post paid 22" x 30" • \$3.00

The SPA MANUFACTURING CORP.
150 BEECHER STREET, NEW YORK CITY

CHILDREN'S DAY Saturday, June 16th A National Event

THIS one day in the year has been set aside as the children's own. Just as we have Mother's day, dedicated to mothers, we have a day that will rank next to Christmas with children of all ages.

Parents who wish to help make Children's Day a big success will find several suggestions for gifts on this page, and other pages throughout the magazine.

Celebrate Children's Day this year.

A gift will make every child happy.

"SAFE PLAY" Swing for Children



MADE of strong sturdy steel. This portable swing is far superior to those made of wood. It is equipped with two Swings, Hand Rings and Trapeze which are easily interchanged. Two children kept amused at the same time. Ideal for the yard or playroom. Your money refunded if you are not pleased.

Price \$19.50 Complete

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20 years manufacturing experience

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"Spirit of St. Louis"
Aeroplane
Construction Set

Not a Toy to be played with for a few minutes and then cast aside. THIS IS AN EDUCATION IN AERONAUTICS, that teaches the actual construction of every Plane ever built or that may become famous hereafter.

It's lots of fun and fascinating, too. Just think of being able to assemble Lindy's "Spirit of St. Louis," De Pinedos "Around the World" Plane, Byrd's "America," etc., etc.

The Ideal Gift for Children's Day, June 16

Here are the different sets:

No. 810, builds	25 Models,	\$1.50
" 820 " 100 "		3.00
" 830 " 250 "		5.00

West of Denver and in Canada add 10% to price. Each set packed in attractive carton. No. 810 has 120 pieces. No. 820 has 170 pieces. No. 830, 270 pieces.

FREE with No. 830: Instruction Book Containing a thrilling narrative by a St. Louis Aviator.

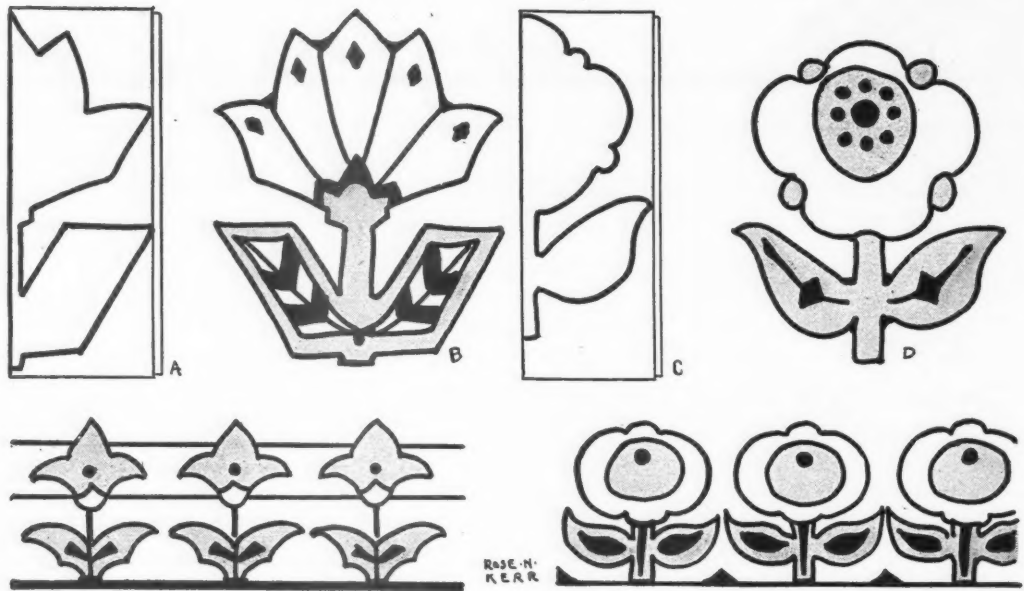


For
Every
Girl
and
Boy
8 Years
Up

Sold by Hardware, Toy and Department Stores. If not easily obtained at your stores, send Money Order for proper amount and the set of your choice will be shipped at once, postage paid, with complete Instruction Book enclosed.

Made in St. Louis—The Home of Lindy

METALCRAFT CORPORATION
4223 Clayton Ave. ST. LOUIS, MO.
Makers of Children's Vehicles and Toys



Let's Make an Indoor Garden!

TRANSPLANT your garden—whether you have one outdoors or not—in all its brilliance and glory into your own home. You can do it yourself—it's so easy when you have Crayola Crayons to do it with.

Here's the way: Cut your flowers from folded paper following the design given here in Figures A and C, and open them up. Now you're ready to make them really *look* like the flowers of the field by coloring them with your Crayola Crayons and putting in the



Be sure and get from the store the genuine Crayola Wax Crayons with the name Crayola on the box. In assortments of 8 to 24 colors.

lines indicated in Figures B and D. Use the same colors for *your* flowers that Nature uses—and Crayola colors are all pretty and suitable.

It would be fun, too, to make a whole border of flowers for your own room. Cut one out and trace it on paper as many times as you need to, coloring all with Crayola to harmonize with your walls.

How proud you will be of your indoor garden, your rows of sunny, smiling flower faces that *you* have caused to bloom! Let's get busy!

BINNEY & SMITH Co.
41 East 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

OUR GARDEN FUN

I HAVE a flower garden,
It's all my very own;
I love in early mornings
To work in it alone.
It's near my grandma's garden
But hers is big and square
And nearly every flower that grows
I'm sure is blooming there.
We have fun with our gardens
When our ball games begin,
For Grandma gives her posies to
The side that doesn't win.
She says they need encouraging,
And then our ball score ties
And Grandma and our gardens
Get *such* a big surprise.

Rose Maldo editor





PIERROT

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

ONCE, just once in the month of June,
When the moon is full and low,
Out of the shadows' soft cocoon,
Capering to and fro,
Back through the leafy lanes he comes,
Clown of the long ago,
While the beetle hums
And the cricket strums,
"Pierrot!
Pierrot!
Pierrot!"

White as the moths that drift and drown,
White as the petal snow,
Treading a musty moonbeam down,
Twirling a tricky toe,
Back he comes on capering feet,
Clown of the long ago,
While the bat wings beat
And the owls repeat,
"Pierrot!
Pierrot!
Pierrot!"

Once, just once in a musty moon,
When the pink wild roses blow,
Back through the leafy lanes of June,
Lanes that he used to know,
Out of the painted past he comes,
Capering to and fro,
While the beetle hums
And the cricket strums,
"Pierrot!
Pierrot!
Pierrot!"





JUAN'S WISH

By ELEANOR FRANCIS ELLIS

JUAN stood looking with wistful eyes through the tall iron fence into the schoolyard. Though the parade would not start for an hour, it was already noisy with the voices of the gayly-dressed children. From his place beside the oak tree Juan could see some of his classmates, Billy Mason dressed as a toreador in scarlet and black, with little yellow balls dancing about the brim of his big hat, and Mary Tawaka with a Japanese parasol and a bright kimono. There were clowns and Indians, gypsies and pirates; but it wasn't the costumes that made Juan give such a deep sigh, it was the pets which each child had—big dogs and little ones, a pony, fluffy, furred cats in push carts, and even a chattering monkey!

For many months the school children of Monterey had been looking forward to this day, for it was then that they paraded through the streets of the town, down to the flag-decked platform across from the old customhouse, where the judges sat to decide which child had the most attractive costume and which had the finest pet. Juan had seen the prizes in the principal's office only yesterday, a wide blue ribbon for the pet, and a crisp five dollar bill for the winner.

More children were coming up the street. Juan stood close to the trunk of the oak tree in hopes that they would not see him. He was suddenly conscious of his bare brown toes and the faded blue overalls.

"Hi, there, Juan!" A cowboy running ahead of the others called

to him. "Aren't you marching in the parade?"

Juan shook his head, blinking to keep the moisture from his eyes. It would never do for a big boy, eight years old, to act like a baby, even though he did feel miserable.

Jack was Juan's only friend among all the children in the school. He never laughed because Juan had to come to class barefooted, or because his overalls were faded and ragged. He never called him Wop, or Dago, or Mex, but always by Juan's own name, quite as though he were an American instead of the son of a Spanish fisherman!

"Why aren't you going?" insisted Jack, stroking the head of the Airedale by his side.

Juan shrugged. "You see, I have no pet."

"Where's Lobos?" Jack looked surprised. "He's a better dog than most of 'em around here."

"He—he's gone." Juan swallowed hard.

"Gee, that's too bad. Well, see you later." With a whoop, Jack raced through the gate to join the other children.

Juan could stay no longer, for the lump in his throat had grown too big to swallow. There were so many things he wanted—to march in the parade, to be American like Jack and wear brown, square-toed shoes! Turning, he ran up the street towards the hills. Juan couldn't tell Jack what had happened to Lobos, for Jack's father wasn't a fisherman, so he would not understand what a dreadful thing it was to have all the nets lost in a storm. Jack might think



that Papa was mean to sell Lobos to the man in Salinas, but Juan shook his head. Papa was the best man in the world! Since last Sunday there hadn't been enough food in the house to feed them all—Madre and Papa, the little sister and brother, himself, and the dog, too! He had been brave yesterday when the man had taken Lobos away. Not even Madre had suspected how near his heart had come to breaking, but now— He ran faster, for the tears were spilling through his lashes down over his nose.

Quite out of breath, Juan sank down on the hillside. The sun danced on the blue bay of Monterey below him, brightening the red fishing boats riding at anchor. Around him bees droned, sucking the sweetness from the blue lupine and golden poppies which carpeted the hillside, but Juan noticed none of these things.

"Oh," he moaned, "if only I was a beeg man, and could earn money to get new nets and to buy back Lobos, if only I could march in the parade like the other children and wear shoes!" Again the tears came, and this time he took no trouble to stop them. Burying his head in his arm, he lay face downward on the grass.

Juan never knew how long he lay there, but suddenly he felt a cold nose against his hand. Sitting straight up, he turned around,



opening his eyes wide at what he saw, for there by his side stood a snow-white collie. For a moment, remembering all the folk tales he had ever heard about magic dogs, he doubted that this one was real, but it continued to rub its nose against his hand, so Juan decided he was awake after all. Petting the dog's soft fur, he looked about for the owner. Surely such a beautiful dog wouldn't be out alone!

"Haloo," Juan shouted, making a trumpet of his hands. There was no answer. "I'd like to play with you all day." He looked at the dog. "But you'd better run home now. Go back!" He spoke

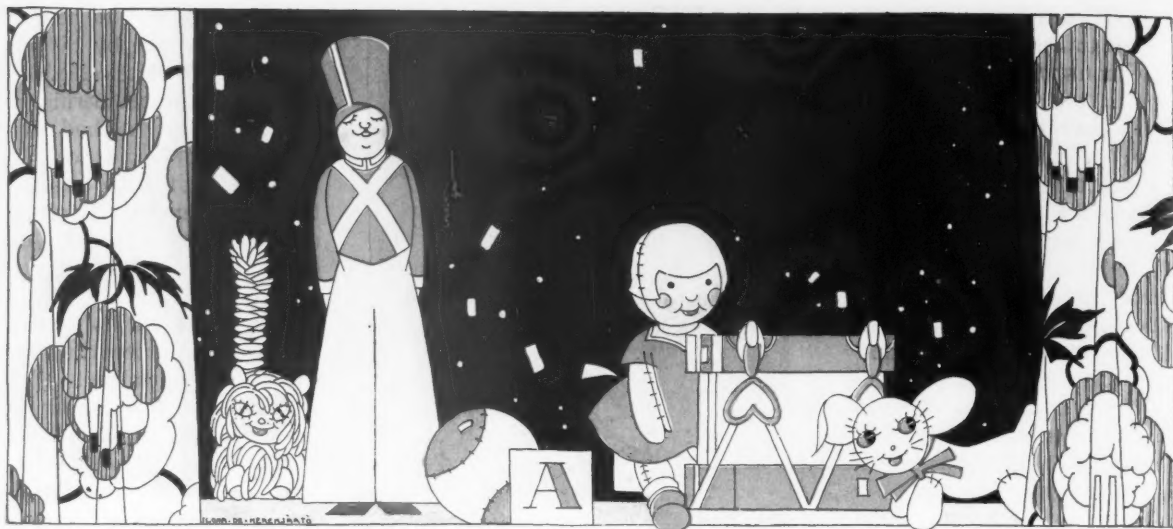
in the tone which he had taught Lobos to obey. "Go back!" The collie sighed and looked up at him with golden eyes which seemed to say, "I'm lost, and I like you, so I'm going to stay."

Juan thought rapidly. Since the dog was lost, there could be no harm in entering him in the parade! Feverishly Juan set to work, twisting the satin smooth poppies and the fragrant blue lupine into a wreath for the dog's neck. Forgotten were his bare brown feet and the faded overalls, as he slipped a second garland about his own shoulders. His only thought was to reach the schoolyard before the parade started. Juan heard the band playing as he reached the street. Could

it be possible that they had already gone? Running around the corner he stopped short. The parade had formed and even now was starting down

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A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN TOYLAND

By JEAN WALDEN

JUST think! We shall soon be "Knee-deep in June," and let's enjoy it to the utmost by having a birthday party in Toyland!

First of all, let's make the invitations of cardboard, like the illustration, and color the little jacket on the wooden soldier in bright red, while the flame on the birthday candle might be tinted yellow.

If the day is pleasant, as most June days are, it would be fun to celebrate this birthday out-of-doors in true picnic fashion. Any of the games described can be played equally well inside, however.

When all the children have arrived, they are asked to form in line and march around the house several times, and finally into the yard. Meanwhile, "The March of the Wooden Soldiers" may be played on the phonograph, if possible.

In order to get all the children into the spirit of the party, we shall play "Drop the Handkerchief" first of all.

A greatly enlarged

copy of the Wooden Soldier on the invitation can easily be painted on a sheet of paper, and fastened to a fence, a tree, or the wall itself. This little toy-land soldier, however, is minus his birthday candle. Each child is blindfolded, given a strip of paper cut to resemble the missing candle, and is asked to pin it to the soldier's hand where it belongs.

If a little girl is the winner, she may be given a Toyland doll, while the successful boy may be presented with a copy of "The War of the Wooden Soldiers," written by M. L. and W. C. Wheeler.

The children are then asked to form two lines and stand facing each other, leaving an aisle of about

five feet between the lines. Six candlesticks, holding unlighted candles, are then placed about three feet apart in a straight line down the aisle. One child is chosen, and told to jump over the candlesticks without losing his balance or taking a step between each jump. Meanwhile the rest of the children start singing the rhyme, "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candlestick!" The word *jump* is the signal for the child to start. The most successful "jumper" may be rewarded with a little box of colored candles for



I'm a little wooden Soldier

And I carry in my hand

A candle, just to light your way

Into a Joyful Land

So at . . . o'clock, June

Come to my house and see

What a happy place this Toyland is

For all of us to be!

Address

him to use on his very own cake next time he has a birthday.

A Toyland party without a *fishpond* would be a dreadful disappointment, so let's revive this popular game, but present it in a more Toylandish manner.

A Noah's Ark makes a wonderful *fishpond*, and easily holds twelve inexpensive celluloid animals, wrapped separately, and tied with gay ribbons. Any ardent fisherman would be delighted to *catch* one of these to carry home. The *Ark* is nothing but a soap box covered with colored crepe paper. It is tipped over on one side and placed upon a low stool or piano bench, with the back side left open. A large hole is cut in the top of the box and a peaked roof of heavy bright-colored cardboard placed over this. An opening is cut in the *roof* to correspond with the hole in the box and through this opening the children drop their fishlines. Mother, from her position back of the *Ark* (which is open), fastens a *fish* to the hook on the end of the line, so every child may get a real *catch* from Toyland!



The "March of the Wooden Soldiers" is again heard, and the children are asked to march into the house for the refreshments.

As they file past the dining-room door each child is given a basket and told to march out-of-doors again where the picnic is to be held on the lawn.

Inside each basket is a small paper plate, napkin, and spoon, also a few jelly sandwiches, some gaily-colored hard candies wrapped in bundle-fashion and tied with bright ribbons, and—joy of joys—a large cone brimming over with delicious ice cream! On top of this

cone a tiny cardboard soldier stands guard, and he gives the finishing touch to the attractive basket, making it look very gay and party-fied indeed.

After the children are all seated in a circle in the yard, Mother brings the lighted birthday cake, which is, after all, the *whole party* in the opinion of the majority of boys and girls, no matter how good a time they have been having.

The guests at *your* party probably will think so, too.





THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE FOR A MUSICAL AMERICA

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer of American Conservatory, Chicago.
Ex-President of the Society of American Musicians*

SCHOOL Children of America, Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls!
"Atten-shun!! Eyes front! Make it snappy!"

Please don't tell anyone, but the truth is I've always wanted to be a regular soldier, more particularly a General, for he is the big chief who can order ten thousand men to "step lively" and "salute," and they obey as good soldiers should. I already belong to an army—an army of two hundred fifty-six thousand American instructors in music—in which I'm a petty officer with loads of work to do every day.

It was just last night that I had a vision of an army over which I could be *Generalissimo*, (that means the biggest of the big chiefs). At least I could be *Generalissimo* if I appointed myself, for, of course, there are a hundred other non-commissioned officers in this army of music instructors who would jump at the chance to lead an army of the kind I visioned. I was playing over the music of that beautiful cantata for children and big folks, called "The Children's Crusade," which I first heard in France, given under the leadership of Gabriel Pierne, its gifted composer. This

thought came to me—if thousands of European children way back in the early thirteenth century became crusaders to recover the Holy Land, why cannot thousands of American children become an army of crusaders to recover better music for our homes and schools?

Do you know who a *crusader* was, and the sad story of the Children's Crusade?

A crusader was a soldier marching under the banner of the Christian Cross. For almost two hundred years (from 1096 to 1270) thousands of crusaders from far-away Italy, France, Germany and England fought the Mohammedans for the possession of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, the land where Jesus was born.

In the year 1212 large numbers of boys from Germany and France started for the far distant Holy Land to try to do what their elders had failed to do, and that was to regain possession of Jerusalem for the Christians. This pitiful, unorganized crusade is famous in history as the Children's Crusade. Here is just a little bit of its story as told by an old French writer:

"About that time, many children, without leader or guidance did fly into a religious ecstasy from our towns, making for the lands beyond the seas. And when they were asked





where they were going these children replied, 'To Jerusalem to deliver the Holy Sepulchre.' They carried staves and satchels, and crosses were embroidered on their garments."

Just think of fifty thousand children leaving their homes to travel as best they could to the far-off country of Palestine!

Yet this tragic crusade taught the world something, and it was that children can be so inspired by a noble purpose that they are willing to make great sacrifices to accomplish it.

You—children of the schools of America—are already an organized army! Your purposes are to prepare yourselves for successful, happy lives, to help all others to do the same, to stand loyally by your country's flag, your home and your country's highest ideals. Beautiful music conquers when all other forces fail, and you, as an organized army of crusaders for good music, will reach the holy land of happiness, and you will win joy and honor for yourselves and for your native land.

As Generalissimo, I will tell you what a *Crusader for Good Music* should be and should do. He should obey his superior officers—his music supervisors and music instructors. That means he must learn to read notes, to keep time and tune, to memorize the words of national songs, to practice and preach only music that is worth remembering, and to be a *singing* soldier of American songs.

Every single soldier in this musical crusade must realize his own importance to the success of this army, for after all an army, like a nation, is made up of individuals, and each one must believe in himself before he can convince others that his cause is right. Each crusader *must* know the *words* as well as the music of six songs: "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," "Dixie," "America, the Beautiful," "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The Home Road." (Start to-day to learn these words.)

Each crusader must sing *one* of these six songs every school day, or play *one* piece of *good* music on his chosen instrument every school day.

Every soldier must *keep time*, for time is rhythm, and rhythm brings health, and through teamwork, rhythm brings wealth.

Crusaders *must never fear!* They must not fear study, for music that needs no study is not worth anything. They must not fear to per-

form what they have studied, for—

"He who reads and reads
And does not what he knows,
Is he who plows and plows
And *never* sows."

Crusaders in this army for harmony must never fear to refuse to sing words which are coarse or cheap. They must remember that, every time they take a brave stand for clean words and worthy music, they are honoring America as well as themselves.

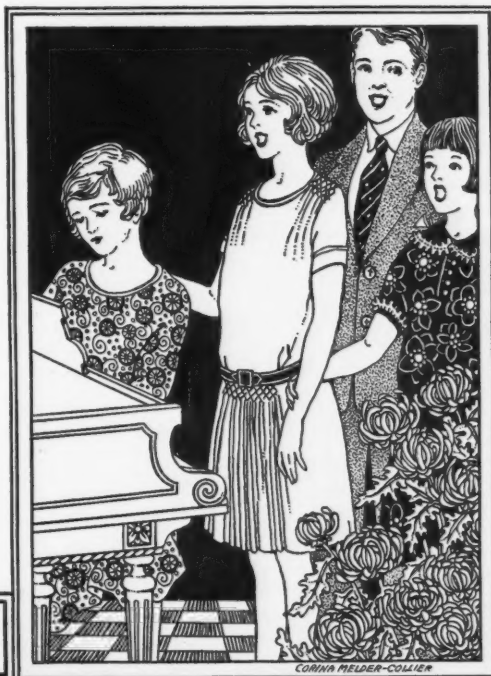
Crusaders for good music must say and do each day some helpful thing for music—*that's a crusader's way.*

This crusade is one which every school child can heartily join—from Grade One to Senior High School. To be a real singing-soldier you must not only know the songs I have named, and learn to keep in time and tune, but you must do other things.

If you are taking music lessons you must always play or sing when asked, and do it without any coaxing. (Imagine an American soldier having to be coaxed to fight for his flag!) You must *not use notes* but must know everything *by memory.* If you are caught playing from the notes before company you will be sent to the rear ranks.

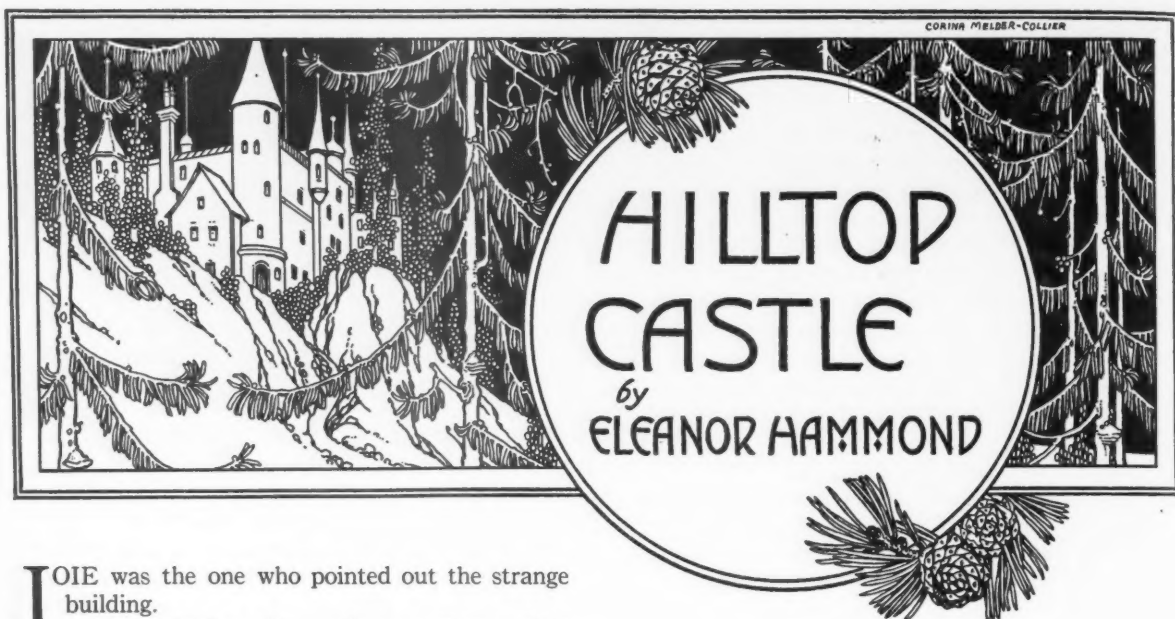
You must go to the good concerts given in your city and take your family with you. Music

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CORINA FIEDLER-COLLIER





JOIE was the one who pointed out the strange building.

"Looky!" he said, waving a rather grubby brown hand toward the height above. "John and I have been wanting to explore it ever since we moved to Westport—but we were afraid it mightn't be polite. I think it's empty, but John saw a woman near it one day and thought maybe she lived there!"

He was talking to Georgina, of course. John knew as much about the castle as his brother. But Georgina, their cousin, had arrived only a few days before for a visit.

The little girl looked in the direction in which Joie pointed. Her round brown eyes grew even rounder than usual. She gave a little jump and clapped her hands.

"Oh," she cried. "Do let's explore it! It's the most interesting looking house I ever saw!"

It was really a structure that might have interested older people than Georgina and her cousins. Its tall tower seemed to brush the sky above the hilltop where it stood. Its rambling wings spread out among the surrounding trees. The bricks of its walls were spotted with moss and lichen and the gaunt chimneys stretched upward, dark and smokeless.

"It doesn't look as if anyone lived there!" Georgina was beginning to grow excited—Georgina grew excited over things very easily, John thought. "It looks like a deserted castle out of a fairy story!

There might be a Sleeping Beauty or an Enchanted Prince—or almost anything inside!" she said.

"I'm game to go up there!" Joie's eyes met Georgina's sympathetically. Joie liked adventure, too.

Only John held back. He was a year older than his brother and Georgina and he felt he should attend to the manners of the expedition. "If it was your house, you wouldn't want people to come poking round—just because it was a curious looking place!" he argued. But he, too, looked longingly at the road ahead, overgrown with bracken and grasses.

"We needn't go in!" Georgina said. "There isn't any harm following a road and walking past a house,





if we just stop long enough to look at it, is there?"

This seemed sensible enough. The three children went forward up the hill.

The steep height was so close to the city—and yet so far away from it! Almost below them they could see the new house where John and Joie had moved a few months before, when Mr. Harcourt's business brought him to Westport to settle. Down there were sidewalks and arc lights at the corners, brightly painted bungalows and neat gardens. But up here, on the hill, everything was strangely different. Few people had cared to build houses on the steep wooded slope. There were not even any streets, only little wandering trails that skipped in and out among the firs and hazel brush. You could not see the castle-like brick house until you were ever so far up the hillside.

"There aren't any window curtains in the windows. And no smoke out of the chimneys!" Georgina observed.

They were close to the castle-house now. Somehow, they all felt like talking in low tones, as if the place were staring at them with vacant windows. John began to whistle, but he stopped again suddenly.

Brush and ferns had overgrown what might once have been a garden. At the foot of an old elm Georgina discovered a patch of purple violets and stooped delightedly to pick some. John urged her to "Come on!"

"It's a long way home!" he reminded her, "and we want to look all round the castle before we start back."

A rustle in

the brush made them all halt abruptly.

"What was that?" Georgina whispered. "Something moving round—the corner there!"

"Come on!" Joie was always the boldest of the trio. "It isn't likely to be a wild animal or anything very awful—so close to town!"

"But it isn't close to town!" Georgina reminded him. "There isn't another house anywhere near! It's a terribly lonely place!"

She broke off. There was the rustling again, closer to them. It was something hidden in the waist-high bracken.

"It can't be anything very big!" John said sensibly.

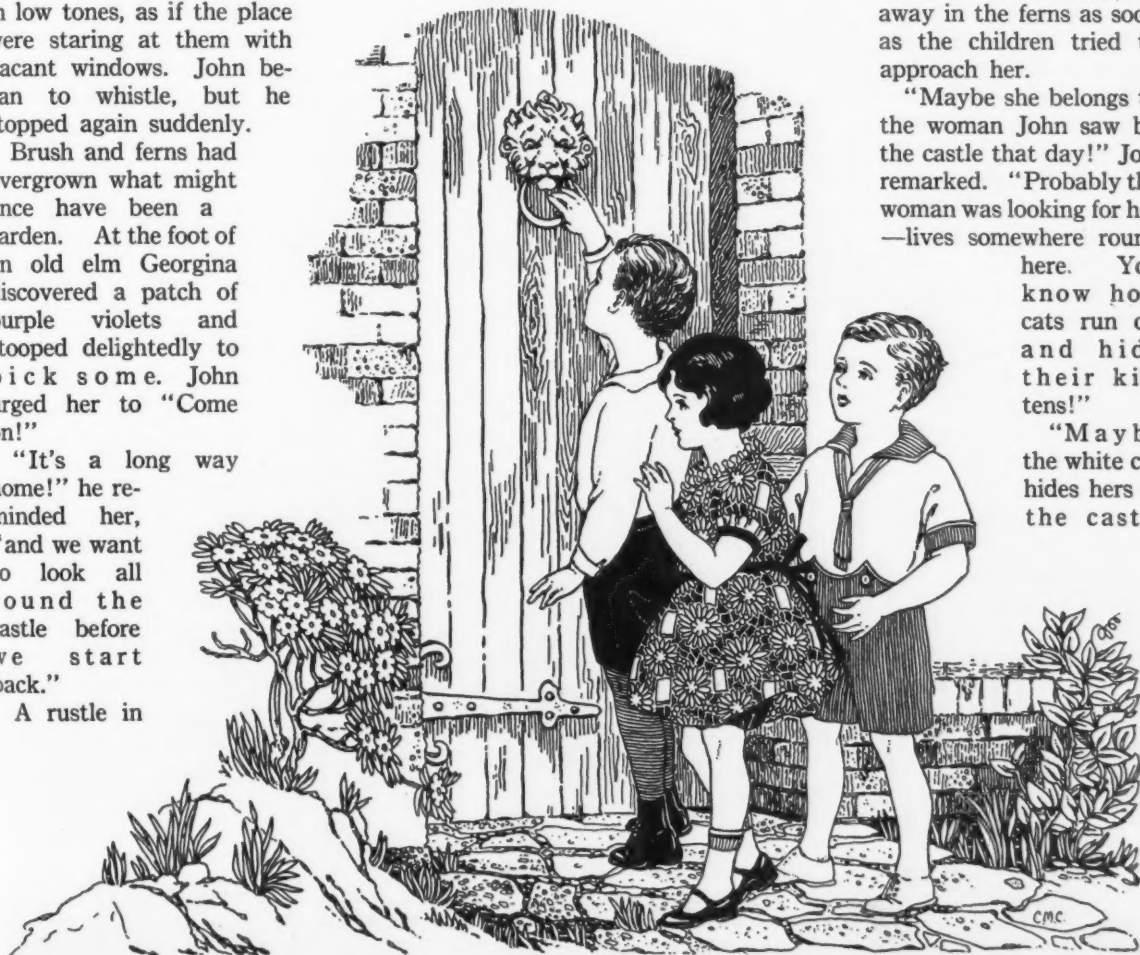
Just then Georgina gave a delighted giggle. She pointed to the spot from which the sound had come. "Where do you suppose she came from? Could *she* live in the castle, do you suppose?"

Joie laughed out loud as his eyes fell on the creature that had alarmed them. It was a huge white cat with a tiny yellow kitten in its mouth.

The cat scampered away in the ferns as soon as the children tried to approach her.

"Maybe she belongs to the woman John saw by the castle that day!" Joie remarked. "Probably the woman was looking for her—lives somewhere round here. You know how cats run off and hide their kittens!"

"Maybe the white cat hides hers in the castle





because nobody lives there!" Georgina suggested. "Let's go and find where she goes in!"

The children walked round the castle searching for an open window or door. None was to be found.

Suddenly Joie gave a whistle and pointed to a window on the first floor. There sat a large white cat, calmly licking her paw.

"She must have gone in somewhere—but how did she get up there so fast and what has she done with the yellow kitten?" Georgina was saying when an exclamation from John made them all turn.

He was pointing toward a place in the brick foundation. "Look!" he said. "A little swinging door—just as if it had been made for cats!"

"How clever!" Joie pushed the little door and peered into the dim place beyond. "And painted to look just like bricks!"

Georgina's eyes were shining. "I believe we could get through that little door!" she cried. "Let's do it and explore the castle!"

"But suppose somebody lives here!" John said.

"If anybody lived here there'd be curtains at the windows—instead of cobwebs!" Georgina insisted. "And there wouldn't be grass growing all over the walk, right up to the front steps. I don't believe anybody has lived here for years and years!"

"Well, I think we ought to go to the front door first!" John said. "If any one answered, we could ask for a drink of water or the way to the nearest car line."

This seemed a sensible suggestion. The three made their way round to the heavy old door. There was no bell, but a curious iron knocker, like a cat's head with a ring in its mouth, served the purpose.

Joie lifted the iron ring and rapped, not very loudly. They waited rather breathlessly for any sound from within. Presently John knocked at the door again. He did it more boldly than his brother. The sound echoed hollowly through empty rooms within. There was no answer.

"I was sure nobody lived here!" Georgina rejoiced. "Let's hurry and go in through the little swinging door!"

"Let's see if we can open the front door first!" John suggested.

But the great oak door refused to budge. All the children's efforts would not open it.

"It'll be more fun to go through that mysterious little door, anyhow!" Georgina said.

"We must hurry! It's getting late!" John reminded them.

They scampered round the building and Joie held the little swinging door while his brother peered within. Then John crept out of sight into the dimness.

"It's all right—just a big cellar!" John called back. "You can see well enough after your eyes get used to the darkness!"

Georgina and Joie scrambled after him. It was impossible to see the farthest corners of the great low place but the dusty windows let in enough light for the children to make out that the floor was of bricks and to see their way.

"Let's hurry and find the way into the upper part of the castle!" Georgina urged her cousins.

There was a stairway dimly visible at the opposite end of the cellar. The children went toward it and

groped their way upward. The door at the top of the stairs was ajar.

Suddenly Georgina gave a little scream. "Did you see? Something moving up there!" She clutched Joie's arm.

Joie's own heart seemed to stand still for a moment. Then he laughed suddenly. "It's only the white cat!" he told his cousin.

The creature was poking her nose curiously round the door. At the sound of Joie's laughter, she scurried out of sight again.

The children tiptoed into a room that might once have been a kitchen. There was no furniture in the place. The high windows were dirty and festooned with cobwebs.

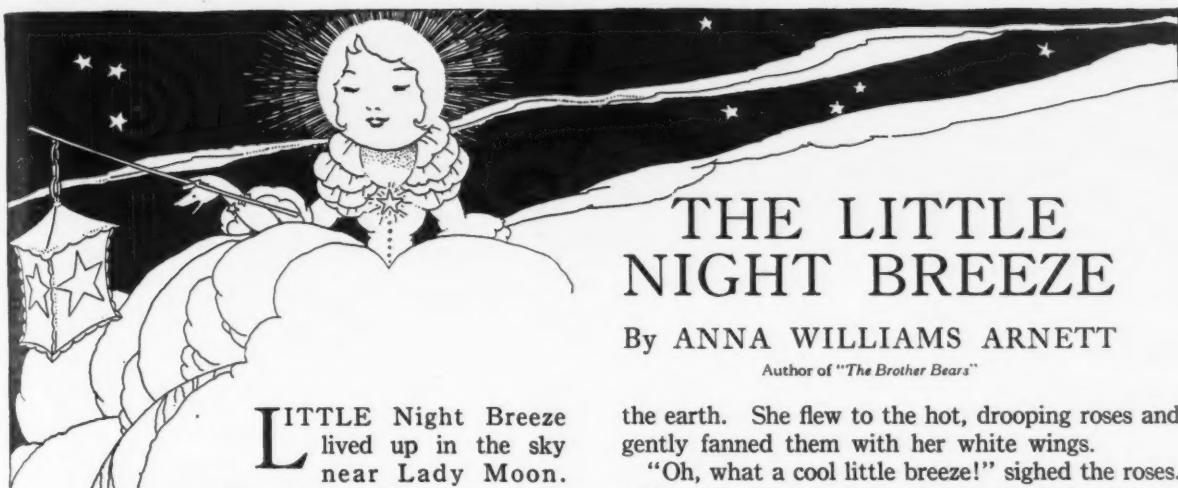
The three went forward

(Continued on page 364)



CORINA MEYER-COLLIER





THE LITTLE NIGHT BREEZE

By ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT

Author of "The Brother Bears"

LITTLE Night Breeze lived up in the sky near Lady Moon. Little Night Breeze and Lady Moon were very dear friends. And how they loved the children of the earth! And how the children of the earth loved them!

One summer day the sun shone and shone. The earth grew very hot and when night came it grew very still and sultry. The roses drooped their beautiful heads. The bluebells were silent. The pansy faces were sad. The buttercups were empty.

"We are so thirsty," they sighed, "and not a drop of dew to drink."

The little birds said, "Tweet, tweet, we cannot sleep, we cannot sleep."

Lady Moon sent a message to Little Night Breeze. She said, "Little Night Breeze, the roses are drooping their beautiful heads. The bluebells are silent. The pansy faces are sad. The buttercups are empty with no dew to drink.

"The little birds are saying, 'Tweet, tweet, we cannot sleep, we cannot sleep.'"

Then Little Night Breeze answered and said, "Dear Lady Moon, I will go to the earth and comfort them if you will light the way."

Lady Moon said, "Dear Little Night Breeze, I will light the way."

Then Little Night Breeze spread her beautiful white wings and flew down to

the earth. She flew to the hot, drooping roses and gently fanned them with her white wings.

"Oh, what a cool little breeze!" sighed the roses.

"Now we can hold up our heads and look at the moon. Thank you, Little Night Breeze."

Then Little Night Breeze flew to the silent bluebells and gently fanned them with her white wings.

"Oh, what a cool little breeze!" tinkled the bluebells. "Now we can ring our bells and make music for the flowers. Thank you, Little Night Breeze."

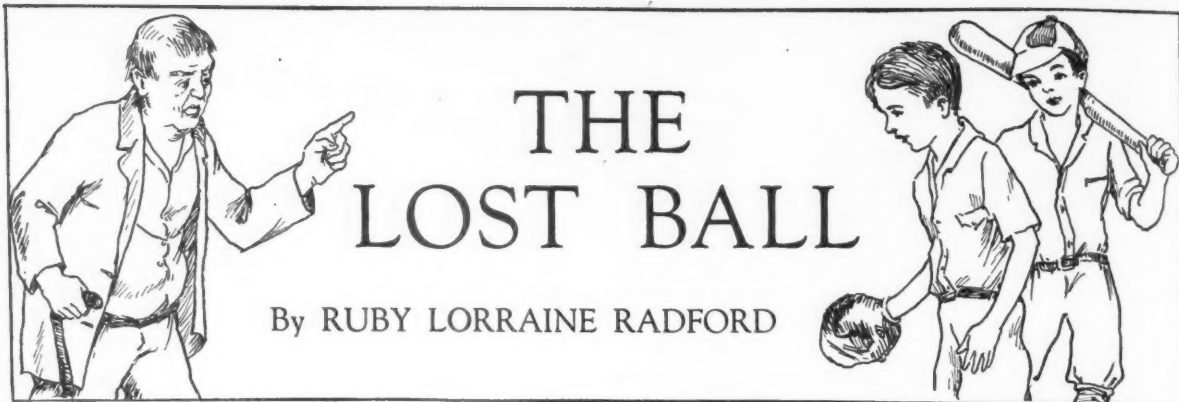
Then Little Night Breeze flew to the sad-faced pansies and gently fanned them with her white wings.

"Oh, what a cool little breeze!" whispered the pansies. "Now we can look up at Lady Moon and smile. Thank you, Little Night Breeze."

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ETHEL R. CLINE



THE LOST BALL

By RUBY LORRAINE RADFORD

WHERE'S my ball?" Connor Dawson called accusingly to the two girls dusting the library.

"How should we know?" replied his sister, Kathryn, without looking up from the old mahogany table she was dusting.

"I left it right here by the door with my bat," Connor came to the library and looked crossly at the girls. "You're just disappointed 'cause we wouldn't let you play on the team and moved that ball just to tease!"

"Shame on you, Connor Dawson—saying such a thing," Kathryn retorted. "We don't care anything about your old baseball team. Why should we want to play on a boy's team? Mother said we could build a tennis court in part of that same field."

"Don't know a thing about your ball!" added his cousin, Lucy, with a dramatic wave of her dust cloth. "We haven't even been in the hall since breakfast."

"Then there's no sense in it being gone," said Connor, beginning to feel cross. He was hot and dirty from working all morning to build seats near their baseball diamond. The girls came into the hall and Connor pointed impatiently at his bat leaning near the door. "Right there's where I left the ball and it ought to be there!"

He had scarcely finished speaking when Speck Bothwell rushed in. Speck's freckled face was redder than usual. He was bubbling over with excitement as he blurted out, "Game's all off! We're ruint—ruint!"

"What's up? What are you talking about, boy?" gasped Connor.

"Old Mr. Zack Miller came over to the ball field just when we were laying down bases—said we couldn't play there—it was his land."

"But it's not," spoke up Kathryn indignantly. "It belonged to our own grandfather. He left it to our Dad."

"You can't make old Mr. Miller believe that," said Speck, wiping moisture from his face with his shirt sleeve. "He says your grandfather always claimed that piece of land, but it's really his—and that we can't play on it till we prove it's ours."

"Such an idea!" said Lucy indignantly. "That's where we were going to have our tennis court, too."

"But what about the tickets?" asked Connor in dismay. "We've sold fifty tickets!"

"Give 'em back their money, I reckon," replied Speck gloomily. "Mr. Miller says we'll break his window glasses if we play that near his house."

Spoil all our fun. That's what he'll do. It's a shame!"

"Everything's gone wrong this morning," added Connor gloomily. "My ball's disappeared, and I just paid fifty cents for it yesterday."

"Well, come on," grumbled Speck. "The team's



waiting down at the field. We've got to decide what to do about the game or give back all the ticket money."

When the boys went out the cousins stood looking at each other a moment. Then Lucy stated with an air of determination, "We're going to find that ball, if it's here. They mustn't think we've been playing tricks on 'em."

"We should finish our dusting and polishing the floors first," said Kathryn. "Remember we promised Mother to have it all done when she came home."

Ever since the Dawsons had moved to the plantation the girls had been helping with the housework. It was really almost like play to dust and straighten this quaint old house. There were always worlds of zinnias, marigold, and roses to arrange in vases, and interesting books to look at when dusting the shelves. Almost every day of this first week on the farm they had made some interesting discovery, so that each morning their work seemed a great adventure.

On finishing in the library Lucy brought the mop and dusters into the hall. She was about to begin polishing the floor when suddenly Kathryn caught her arm and exclaimed, "Wait a minute! If we're going to find out what became of Connor's ball we'd better look before we mop."

"What's mopping got to do with finding that ball?" asked Lucy.

Kathryn assumed a mysterious air and answered in a lower tone. "If you'd read as many mystery stories as I have, you'd know it has everything to do with it—tracks and marks on the floor. If somebody took that ball there'll be tracks near the bat."

"Do you think old Mr. Miller would come here and take that ball?" asked Lucy in an incredulous tone.

"I hadn't thought of him! But there ought to be tracks on the floor. The puppy may have played with it and rolled it away."

As Kathryn spoke she picked up a magnifying glass from the library table. When her grandfather's eyes had begun to fail, this glass had been a great help in his reading. Kathryn returned to the hall and examined the floor with the glass. She had been holding it there only a moment when she exclaimed joyously, "Look, Lucy, there's a little sandy spot where the ball was dropped!"

Lucy looked through the glass and added quickly, "See—a sandy trail right down the hall."

She crawled across the floor on hands and knees. Kathryn followed, peering through the glass at intervals. They discovered a faint, sandy mark the length of the long hall. One would never have noticed it without a magnifying glass.

"It's under the secretary, I'll bet you," said Kathryn when they had crossed the hall.

Lucy ran back for the mop, and raked under the low secretary with the handle, but no ball rolled out.

"It's bound to be there!" said Kathryn in dismay.

"Of course, it's there," added Lucy emphatically. "Maybe we can move the secretary and find it."

"Move that big thing—never! I heard Mother say it's solid mahogany. It has never been moved since we came here to live."

"We'll call Patsy to help us—she's strong as a man," said Lucy, speaking of the cook.

Patsy was engaged in cutting cookies, but came grumbling into the hall at their summons. "Ah ain't got time to fool wid you young uns," she mumbled.

"Just help us push this secretary aside. It won't take but a minute," begged Kathryn. "Connor's ball rolled under it."

Without another word Patsy pressed her ample body against the piece of furniture and moved it as easily as if it had been a toy. Before the girls could look behind it she sniffed the air suspiciously, then went waddling across the floor, saying reproachfully, "Dem cookies is burnin'!"

Kathryn was first to crawl behind the dusty secretary. There she found the ball had rolled into



a sort of hollow made by a sunken floor board. "See, that's why we couldn't rake it out with the mop," she said as Lucy joined her.

But Lucy was not looking at the ball that had caused so much excitement. Her gaze was on the broad, worn floor boards. She dropped to her knees, then suddenly looked at her cousin with shining eyes, saying, "Look, Kathy! Aren't those hinges against the wall—there where the floor board is sunk?"

Kathryn bent closer, always eager for new discoveries in this old house. She pressed the loose board lower, and sure enough there were two rusty hinges close against the wall.

"Is it a secret door?" whispered Lucy in an awed tone.

Kathryn did not answer just then, for she was feeling all along the wall with trembling, eager fingers. "I wonder," she said at last, "but I can't find any cracks where a door could be."

"I believe those hinges open something down under the floor," whispered Lucy with bated breath. "Let's go down cellar and see."

Forgetting the disordered hall and their morning duties, the girls hurried to the narrow stairs leading from the back porch. Not even the scent of hot raisin cookies tempted them to pause. Only once or twice had they been in the cellar, for it was a dark, dismal, dusty place, piled up with discarded articles that their grandparents had hated to throw on the junk pile. It was some time before they located the spot directly under the secretary. Then they had to go behind an old spinning wheel and climb on a chest and trunk before they could reach the basement ceiling.

"Can't see a thing," said Kathryn in disappointment.

"Wait! I'll run get a lantern or something," Lucy volunteered.

She was back very soon with a lantern, which she handed to her cousin, then climbed up beside her. Dim rays illuminated a streaked wall, half hidden by festoons of cobwebs. Lucy found an old broom with which she raked these away. She had scarcely finished before Kathryn cried out eagerly.

"Look, there's a little door! See, right where the floor boards are sunken."

"It surely is—a secret door!" Lucy's voice was shrill with excitement. "But how can we open it?

There's no handle or latch anywhere to be seen."

Kathryn got an old piece of iron from the floor and pushed it into the crack of the door like a wedge, and it came open with surprising ease. But the mystery of the old house on Eaton Hill was not to be so easily solved as that. Behind that wooden door was a small iron one something like a lock box in a bank. The girls tried to get it out, but soon found it held in place by a lock.

"What do you s'pose is in it?" asked Lucy.

"I wonder—I wonder if it's the box Mother was talking of—the one with some valuable papers and deeds. Grandfather had told her about it, but she could never find out just where it was."

"Maybe it is. Let's ask her about it," said Lucy, jumping down from the chest.

They were half way up the stairs before remembering that Mrs. Eaton was in town. "If

we could only find the key," said Lucy when they had recalled this.

"I know what we can do," suggested Kathryn, clapping her hands together. "There's a bunch of keys hanging by the kitchen door. Let's try them."

Patsy was busy putting wood in the stove when they went to get the keys, and paid no attention to them. Kathryn picked out the three smallest and they returned to the cellar. At first they could not budge that little iron door. Then they thought to squirt oil into hinges and keyhole. Kathryn put in the smallest key. To her delight there was a click, and the door opened.

"Look, papers and old books!" cried Lucy, eagerly holding the lantern nearer.

Kathryn took out the bundle, then hesitated. "I suppose we shouldn't open them till Mother comes," she said.

On reaching the back porch they heard Mrs. Eaton speaking to Patsy in the kitchen. In her tone was annoyance at finding the morning work unfinished. While she was talking to the cook, however, the girls rushed in pell-mell, telling of their discovery.

"Come in the library, Mother. Let's see what's here," said Kathryn, fairly bubbling over.

Mrs. Eaton and Patsy were quite taken by storm. The discovery of a hidden drawer and documents was not an everyday event, even in the old house on Eaton Hill. Lucy moved some magazines from a corner of the table and Kathryn spread out the



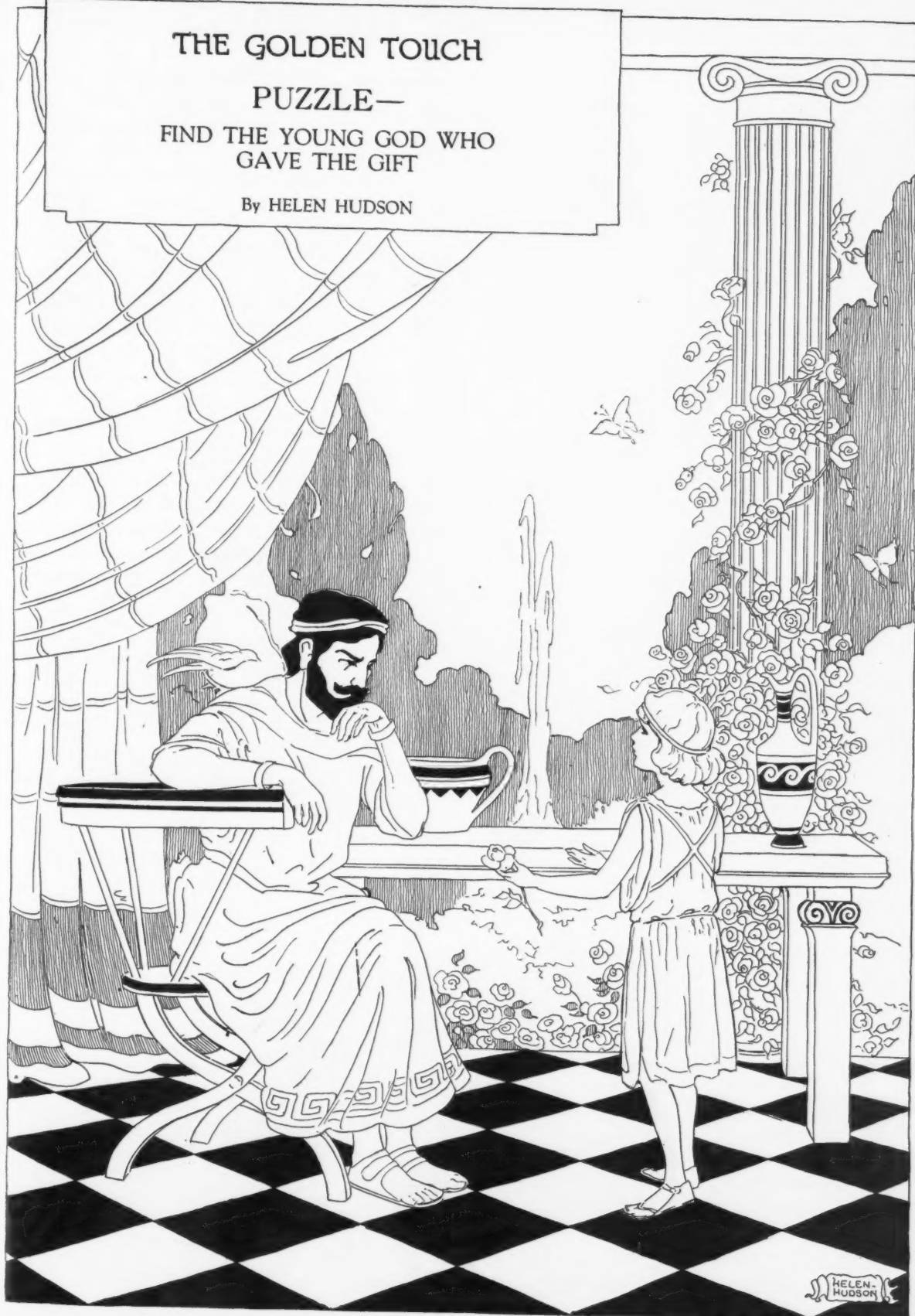
[Continued on page 358]

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

PUZZLE—

FIND THE YOUNG GOD WHO
GAVE THE GIFT

By HELEN HUDSON



HELEN HUDSON

BILLY AND THE BAG

WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I

Billy is carrying some important papers to his uncle, and when he checks his bag on the boat he gets it mixed up with a very similar bag belonging to the man standing in front of him in the waiting line. Afterwards he hears this same man talking in a threatening manner about a person named Bracket. When the boat docks he discovers that in the shuffle he and the stranger have exchanged bags; but when he tries to catch up with him, the man drives off in a blue sedan. Billy takes the train, but when he arrives at the railroad station near his uncle's summer home, he finds no one there to meet him. Mr. Whatell, a jolly young artist dressed up as a pirate, offers to give him a lift in a blue sedan exactly like the one the boy had seen earlier in the day. Before the artist can take Billy to his uncle, however, they must stop at Maverick, where the artists of the surrounding countryside are holding their annual costume festival. Billy is telling his new friend about the disappearance of his bag, when the other blue sedan dashes past them and they give chase.

PART II

THE blue sedan disappeared around a curve, even though Mr. Whatell was quick. As they turned the curve of road, out upon the narrow highway came an oxcart from a meadow. It had the right of way and they could not pass it, for it was too large! When, at last, the oxcart left the highway clear, there was not a trace of that blue sedan in sight!

At the place where two roads met, going around Asokan, one could not tell which way the blue sedan had taken. G. G. Whatell was a little inclined to laugh at Billy, when Billy got out and looked at the tracks on the road. There was nothing to be told from them, so he crawled back into the car. "Oh, blame that oxcart," he muttered. "We might as well give it up; you've got to go to

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of "Tucked In Tales," "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft,"
"The Complete Playcraft Book," etc.

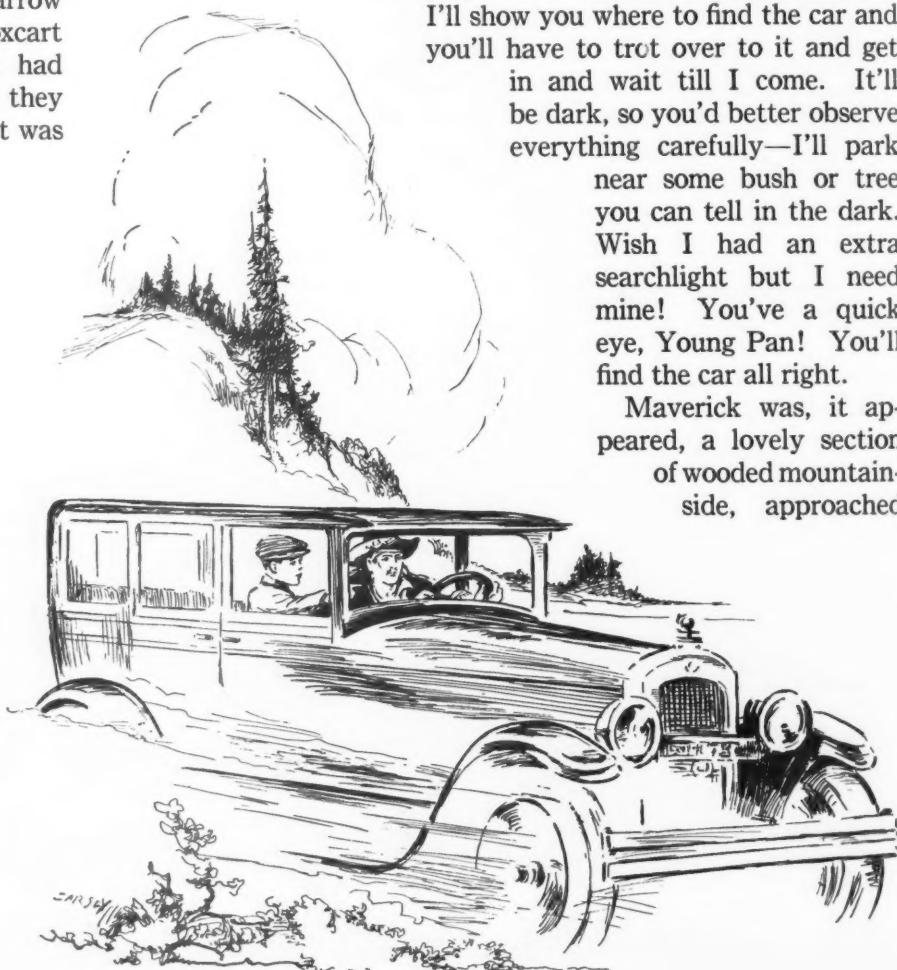
Maverick haven't you?"

"I have," replied the artist. "I have to auction off a joke—it's a treasure chest. And I have to join my group of friends who are all dressed up as I am like pirates. Different groups, you know, carry out different ideas. We'll fix you up in some sort of rig—you'd make a Young Pan all right! Would you like to pose for me while you're up here?"

He chatted on, trying to divert Billy. He and Billy's uncle had studied under the same master once, but they didn't know each other very well. He knew where his studio was and, occasionally, he ran across him. "Maybe I can get word to him about you when we get to Maverick," he said. "You'll stick by me and we'll have supper with the crowd. Afterwards, I have to help dress some of the players for the open-air performance. I'll show you where to find the car and you'll have to trot over to it and get in and wait till I come. It'll be dark, so you'd better observe everything carefully—I'll park

near some bush or tree you can tell in the dark. Wish I had an extra searchlight but I need mine! You've a quick eye, Young Pan! You'll find the car all right.

Maverick was, it appeared, a lovely section of wooded mountain-side, approached



by a narrow entrance road. There a man, dressed as a highwayman, held up the car. "Hello, Bill Bones!" he cried. "Fork up fifty cents for the passenger you have who isn't in fancy dress! Everybody not in costume must pay!"

The car halted slowly. "I will not be held up!" retorted the artist, laughing. "Bang! Can't you see he is in masquerade—he's a *Regular Fellow*. And he's going to be Young Pan. I'm planning to paint him on a magazine cover—you'll see!"

He honked loudly.

"Go along with you," cried the highwayman. "You're a clever one, but *you* could afford fifty cents!" He let them pass and G. G. Whatell chuckled and shot forward.

Going along that mountain road they began to meet revellers. It was like a picture-book, only one never would meet so many different kinds of pictures all in one story! A van of gypsies in an old cart rattled along, and a picturesque gypsy followed on horseback. Then came an Oriental dancer with a green snake made from a silk stocking. A wild, half-clad African savage stood holding a tall shield and bowed to Whatell as the car passed him. Hawaiian musicians waved and greeted him as a friend. Mary, with her little white

woolly lamb tied to a blue ribbon, crook. "I know you!" "Know you anywhere!"

Chinaman—there, a

group of Indians. A prairie schooner rolled by; bullfighters and Spanish ladies followed! Billy's eyes were wide and round like his mouth; he was having a grand time. He had already for-

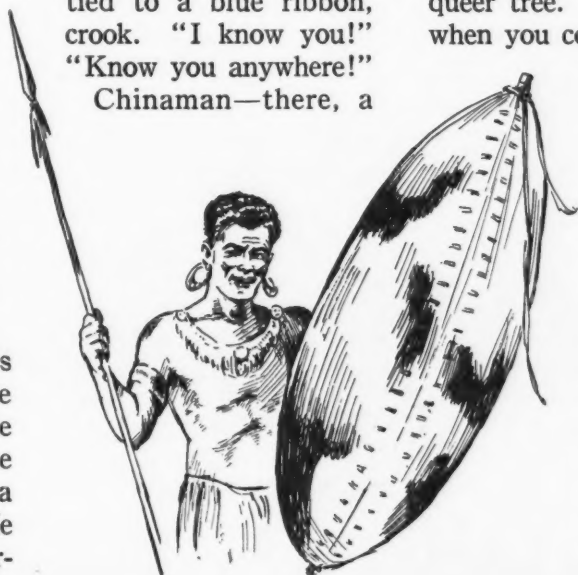
gotten about his uncle, the bag, and the blue sedan. It was like Hollywood, and he decided to stick tight to G. G. Whatell, for there were lots of other pirates and—

"Hello!" another pirate



called, and he found himself in the midst of G. G. Whatell's group. He explained Billy, and then he finished parking in the big meadow that was the parking ground. "See," he said to Billy. "We're right here by this queer tree. You can see that by moonlight when you come down; you won't be able to see the license number in the dark. But you'll know the car, and the bag will be in it."

"Sure," Billy answered. Then they went off to a studio nearby and G. G. Whatell found a curly white sheepskin rug. They made Billy take off his coat and things, even stockings, and with big blanket-pins, G. G. Whatell pinned the woolly rug tight around Billy so it could not come off. It scratched, but he didn't mind. He liked being fixed up in a costume like young Pan. Pan was the Greek deity



of out-of-doors, he recalled, as he thought of the Greek myths his mother had read aloud. He wished she could see him now.

Somebody gave him a little tin flute to play, the kind that doesn't make much noise. Somebody else put a wreath of grapevine around his curly head. They led him away toward the place where the smoke of bonfires and outdoor suppers was rising in the dusk of the woodland setting! It was corking fun! It was fun to go barefoot, too!

The Hawaiians strummed a melody, and Billy picked his way about, gathering sticks of firewood while his pirate band made supper ready. Occasionally, he heard somebody exclaim how beautiful he was—and then he felt rather funny and looked sheepish. "*Me*, beautiful," he snorted to himself. "Oh, gee!"

After the supper, the Treasure Chest was auctioned. It was some joke that Billy didn't quite understand, but it was fun. Everybody was full of jokes, and he was sorry when G. G. Whatell told him to "trot!" It was getting dark. They were getting ready for the play in the theatre beyond the high palings, and G. G. Whatell had to help. Billy had to go find the car and wait. Maverick was over for him—almost!

Slowly, he walked toward the car down the road that was so red and dusty. There were big busses there now, with great beetling eyes in the dark—long lights wavering from them as they backed and snorted. Everywhere gay revelers were going toward the theatre, and soon the road began to be deserted. The candy stand was closed. Nobody was around at all! And as Billy went down the little hill, he saw the weird shapes of cars like great black shadows everywhere! He knew where his car ought to be, for there was the



queer tree! He opened a car door—in it was a hamper full of picnic dishes! He tried the next. It was locked. He looked about—maybe it was the next! He opened the door in the dark and felt for the bag, and his hand met the familiar feel of its handle. He climbed in and covered himself with a rug that was on the back seat. He was cold.

The strumming of far-away orchestral instruments came to him, and then the orchestra broke into melody. Billy wished he was there seeing the play, but now, he knew, the artist would be coming soon to take him up to his uncle's. He hoped his uncle did know he was on the way, but Mr. Whatell probably had phoned him. He drowsed, waiting, until the music and the comfort of the big back seat of the car put him to sleep.

Then suddenly voices roused him. He thought at first it was Whatell coming, and he hid under the rug. It would be fun to cry, "*Heyoo*" and surprise his new friend.

But it was not the artist who came! It was the two men—the very same ones whom Billy had overheard on the boat that very day—the ones who had gone off with *his* bag!

He made himself quite flat against the seat, covered with the dark rug. The door of the car opened near the wheel. One man got in, and started the car. "Good night," he called to the other. "I'm going after Bracket now!"

Billy felt suddenly very frightened and cold. It dawned on him then; he wasn't in G. G. Whatell's car. The villain must have parked his car after they had parked, probably close by! If that was so—then the bag that was on the floor of the car was the very bag Dad had handed





him! *It was his!* And, here he was, like a real hero—with every likelihood of warning poor Bracket, if he kept his wits about him!

Anyway, if he couldn't warn Bracket, he could wait till the car slowed down, then grab *his* bag and run for the woods and hide—and get back to G. G. Whatell at Maverick! He was sure he had not been discovered.

The sedan passed over the rough road with some bumps. Billy wished it would stop short to let something pass, but it did not. He had to wait, clinging hard to the handle of the bag, making himself as small as possible on the floor of the car.

The man hummed some of the music Billy had heard the orchestra play. But he didn't drive fast. He seemed occupied with his thoughts. Once, he slowed down and lit a cigar, but there was no chance for Billy to make his get-away! The car went on. At last, Billy knew it was the state road, for the going became smooth. As he peered from under the dark rug, he could see shapes of tall trees on either side of the roadway.

The car slowed down again, but this time, evidently, something had occasioned the quick application of the brakes.

From out there in the dark road

came a loud voice. "Halt," it cried. "I am Blackballem, the highwayman!" A shot rang out!

In the dark, a horse pirouetted around the automobile and on it Billy could see the shadowy figure of a highwayman—it was Billy's chance to creep out while the owner of the car was being searched, of course. Billy thought he could make it, unobserved—then dash back to Maverick, with *his* bag.

He was so occupied edging toward the door that he missed what the men were saying. Perhaps somebody was trying to play a joke—he couldn't tell.

Softly, he felt for the handle of the car's door. It was the side near the bushes. The men were out there in the road. He couldn't hear what they said, but he thought that one of them must be angry.

Carefully, he placed a bare foot on the running board. The carriage rug would be a good thing to take with him in case he had to sleep in the woods, so he dragged it after him, holding tight to his precious bag. Then something caught! In his hurry, he stumbled and fell flat! The bag made a big bump and Billy a loud falling thud!

The two men came

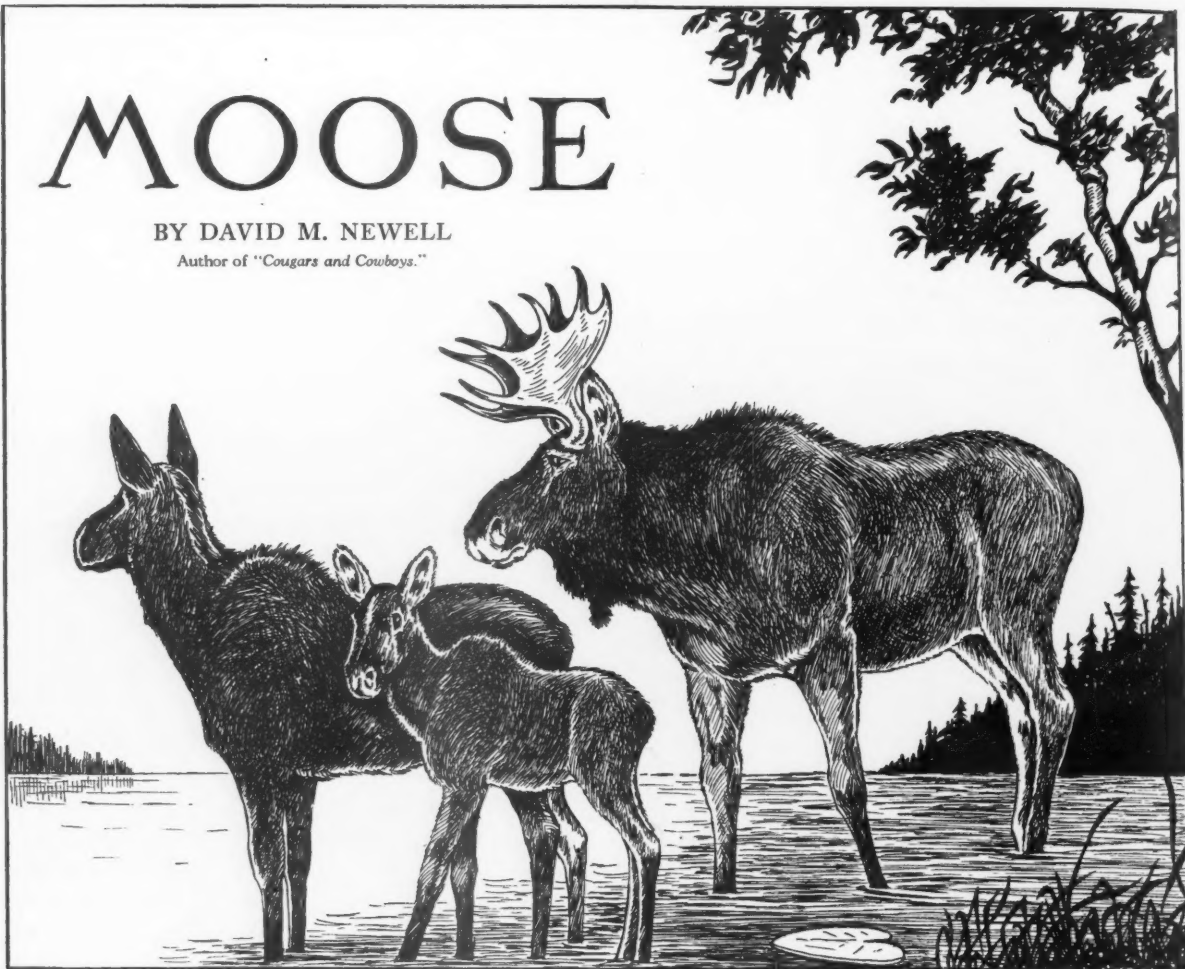


[Continued on page 368]

MOOSE

BY DAVID M. NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys."



SUPPOSE you and I and an Indian guide were paddling our canoe down a quiet stream in the north woods. And suppose, as we came around a bend, we suddenly saw a bull moose standing in the edge of the river. Do you think you would know what it was? You ought to, for the moose is the largest wild animal found in the United States. He is taller than a large horse, and he often weighs over a thousand pounds! He has very large antlers shaped like palm leaves, and under his chin he has a bushy, black beard, which is called a bell. His body is short and heavy, and he has very long legs. The hair on his neck and shoulders is stiff and bristly, and when he is scared or angry, this hair sticks straight up. Also he has a very queerly shaped nose, and a famous writer of humorous stories once said that a moose looked like "a large black mule with a Roman nose!"

Like the buck deer, the bull moose sheds its horns toward the end of the winter, and grows new ones during the summer. In the late fall, when the antlers are full-grown, the bulls wander through the forests looking for their

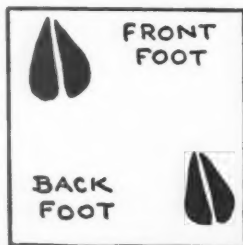
mates, and at this time they welcome a fight with any other bulls that they may meet.

In the picture you will see a big bull moose, a cow moose, and an eight-months-old calf. They are wading along the edge of the lake, feeding on water plants. You are lucky to see them together, for in real life, you will rarely see the whole family together. The bulls ordinarily do not have much to do with their families.

Later on, these moose may wade clear out in the water up to their necks and dive for lily-pad roots. They are great swimmers and when they have had enough to eat they may swim across to the little point across the lake.

A moose track looks like a big deer track, as you can see, and on your contest map you will find that moose live away up north near the Canadian border. They are becoming scarce in most states, but if you will look carefully you will find a few moose tracks on your map.

(The Child Life Wild Animal Contest, conducted by Mr. Newell, ends this month. For complete instructions, see page 360)



How ARABELLA *went to the party*



EVERYONE in the Toy Shop was ready to go to the party—excepting Arabella. She was nowhere to be found.

"Poor old thing, she's so dusty and dirty that she's probably ashamed to go anywhere", said the littlest doll. So, without Arabella, they all set out for the doll's house where the party was to be.

But what do you think? When the dolls got there, they found Arabella waiting for them! And she wasn't dusty and dirty, but fresher and cleaner and more beautiful than any of them!

"My goodness, Arabella!" exclaimed the littlest doll, surprised and pleased. "Whatever has made you look brand-new?"

"I'm not old at all!" answered Arabella, triumphantly. "It was only my dusty, dirty clothes that made me look that way! And I washed them this morning, with Fels-Naptha Soap!"

"Then you'll never be able to dance a step!" cried another doll, who had wanted to be the most popular one at the party. "You must be all tired out from rubbing your clothes to get them clean!"

Arabella laughed happily. "But I tell you I used *Fels-Naptha* Soap! That takes out the dirt without any hard rubbing at all! I'm not tired, one bit, and I'll dance all night—just wait and see!"

(You'll see, too, how Arabella danced all night, if you look for her next month!)

© 1928, Fels & Co.

Fels-Naptha Soap brings the extra help of two effective cleaners working together. Naptha, the safe cleaner that "dry cleaners" use, blended with good golden soap by the special Fels-Naptha process. The naptha loosens grime and dirt while the rich, soapy suds wash them away. Working together, they do away with the hard rubbing that children's clothes otherwise require.

Fels-Naptha works well in washing-machine or tub—in cool, hot and lukewarm water—or when clothes are boiled. It is gentle to the hands! Get Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer, in time to have its extra help next wash-day!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR

WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Children who will win — unhampered by the handicap of underweight



In *Peter Pan*, *Don Juan*, *The Way of All Flesh* and a long list of other important photoplays, Philippe de Lacy has won the hearts of thousands. Two or three times every day he has "Horlick's" to keep him strong for work in school and in the studio. "I like it very much," he has written Mr. Horlick, "and Mother says it is making me grow strong and giving me an appetite."

"IT HAS built my underweight children up to normal, healthy weight."

"It has helped me keep my children always robust and strong."

In letters from every corner of America mothers tell us these two things about Horlick's Malted Milk.

Just as "Horlick's" is good for children who are underweight, tired, irritable, it is good for those of normal weight. It fortifies them against the energy demands of work and play, builds up resistance against illness. It gives them a reserve of health.

By the exclusive Horlick



Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

Lack of appetite

how many mothers are overcoming it

Lack of appetite is one of the most common problems facing mothers of underweight children. Large numbers of these mothers have found that children with even the most "finicky" appetites seldom refuse a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk. They are usually built up steadily to normal weight by this delicious food-drink, and a healthy appetite returns. The other symptoms of an underweight condition—fatigue, nervousness, broken sleep—also vanish.

method of manufacture, all the precious elements of fresh, full-cream cow's milk and malted barley and wheat are combined in a delicious food-drink children love.

In "Horlick's" the essential minerals and other valuable elements of the whole grain are retained. Also the vitamins which promote growth. Rich in high-energy, easily digested malt sugars (dextrin and maltose), it is quickly turned into

rich blood and firm, strong tissue.

Its use by physicians for more than a third of a century is an endorsement of its purity and reliability.

Your children will love its delicious, malty flavor. Buy a



"It has built him up wonderfully"

Burnell, 10, couldn't wait until he had his own horse and could ride over the ranch with his dad. We felt, however, that he was too frail until just recently.

220 Highland Ave., Piedmont, Calif.

Horlick's Malted Milk built him up wonderfully. Sister Jean, 6, has been getting "Horlick's" too, and her picture tells the story, don't you think?

Mrs. Nina L. Hamby

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL

MALTED MILK



Eight years old—
weighs 94 pounds

1314 Dorothy Place
Milwaukee, Wis.

Look for Tommy any afternoon at about 3:30 when school is over, and you'll find him with a tall glass of Horlick's Malted Milk. Ask me if it is good for him, and I'll answer that he's 8 years old and weighs 94 pounds. If you don't think he's a husky, he-man boy, glance at his picture!

Mrs. Fred A. Kieckhefer

package today and give it to them regularly—at meal times and as an after-school lunch. Avoid substitutes. Insist upon "Horlick's"—the original and genuine. Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars.

A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm

FREE SAMPLE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. D-9, Racine, Wis.
(If you live in Canada, address
2155 Pius IX Ave.,
Montreal)

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural) or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk.

The Speedy Mixer for quickly mixing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass will also be mailed to you if you enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover postage.

Check sample wanted ☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Edison Junior High School, Long Beach, California

Charlie bounded Africa;
Peggy sang, and Joe
Said the five-times tables through
Fast as he could go.
Everything was still as still
When it came my time;
I said a poem all by myself
And never missed a rhyme.

RACHEL FIELD—*A Little Book of Days*

NOTHING quite equals the last day of school. Sometimes there is an excitement about it so deep that it expresses itself in a kind of hushed silence. We remember *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and her graduation. Now we understand what Rebecca meant when she said, "I can't tell whether I am glad or sorry."

For most of us the last day of school is so near that we are counting the moments. In our thoughts two things are uppermost—our plans for vacation and the remembrances which we want to give our friends. This is one of the times when we make what Lewis Carroll called "Unbirthday Presents." Be they for graduation or gifts for some day other than a birthday, Unbirthday Presents require planning and we select them carefully. Even after we have decided on books and are happy that the idea occurred to us, much remains to be done.

Inexpensive as our remembrance may be, we select each book very carefully. We want it to express what we think is fun and good reading and we want it to suit the one to whom we are giving it. Afterwards, we like to think of our gift as part of an interesting, ever-growing bookshelf. You have your own ideas in the matter, of course, for the gift is from you to a friend. Since you have been selecting books, too, we now talk over our favorites on a common meeting ground. Below are the books which I expect, this year, to wrap up in bright papers and send to boys and girls and folks just having their "First Day of Vacation."

No school to-morrow! No one to say:

"How much is 9x4?"

"Spell *such* and *scissors* right away!"

"Who discovered Hudson Bay?"

And "where is Singapore?"

Nothing to do but play and play

Then go and play some more!

RACHEL FIELD

FEASTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

- A Little Book of Days* - - - - - Rachel Field
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
Adventures In Reading - - - - - May L. Becker
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK
Aesop's Fables - - - - - Illustrated by Louis Rhead
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland - - - - - Lewis Carroll
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Another Treasury of Plays - - - - - Edited by Montrose Moses
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
As the Crow Flies - - - - - Cornelia Meigs
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
A Book of Princess Stories - - - - -
Edited by Kathleen Adams and Frances A. Atchinson
Boy's Life of Colonel Lawrence - - - - - Lawrence Thomas
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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
The Winged Horse - - - - - Joseph Auslander and Frank E. Hill
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK



Your Gift to Mother

Dear Boys and Girls:

Would you like to give your mother a gift every month?

I knew you would! Every Joy Giver knows "The only joy I keep is what I give away."

Will you give your mother *one* department of your very own magazine every month? Will you write and tell me which part of your magazine will be your gift to her? Which of your departments shall we leave out or shorten, so there will be space for it?

Of course, I know you share your mag-

azine with Mother many times every month, but this is to be your special gift to her. Will you take it and present it to her yourself when you see she has time to accept it? It will be a splendid surprise, for at first it will be "When Mother Was About Your Age, Told by Mothers." And, when your mother sees what interesting things mothers write, *she* will write CHILD LIFE about some of her childhood experiences.

Rose Wilder, Editor

WHEN I WAS ABOUT YOUR AGE

MY TWO sisters, my pony, my dog, our cow and our chickens were my only playmates and pets until Ruby S— came to live next door to us.

Her grandfather worked in my grandfather's store, so I was finally permitted to let her play with us. Ruby simply adored me. Her greatest delight was to make me happy.

Ruby knew that nothing pleased me more than to gather the eggs from our hens' nests every day and take them to my mother for her approval. The more eggs I was able to show my mother each day the greater our delight. Soon after Ruby found out that my egg show was the event of the day and that it meant *much* to me, the number of eggs in the hen house began to increase

daily. So did the fun and the excitement! For weeks we had an hilarious hour each late afternoon. Finally, my mother discovered that we had several more eggs than we had laying hens, as several hens were sitting.

Ruby's laughter suddenly turned to tears. Finally, she told me that she had slipped eggs from their kitchen into the nests, just to make me happy. This was a great disappointment. Then *I told Mother all about it*. Mother explained to me that Ruby had made a great mistake because she evidently did not know that trickery or any kind of wrongdoing could never bring lasting joy.

When I told Ruby what my mother said, she smiled through her tears and said she would try to remember that all her life and I said, "I will, too, and let's be *true* friends, now."





SUPPOSE we had all the Child Life cooks in one room—it would have to be a very big room, for there are hundreds of us now, yes, hundreds. And suppose we asked them to choose their favorite dessert for a June dinner. What would they say?

Strawberry shortcake? Yes, we thought so, too, and so we have chosen that very thing for our lesson this month. But just among ourselves, we must remember that this is a *very* particular dessert, not hard, but particular. And cooks must pay close attention and do each step perfectly. Then they will be rewarded with a delicious product, well worth working for.

In the first place, the berries must be fine. That doesn't mean that they must be the biggest and most expensive on the market. No. But it does mean that they must be ripe and fresh. Small berries are often sweeter than larger ones—size doesn't really matter for shortcake—but freshness and flavor count a lot. As soon as the berries are brought into the house, empty them from the box onto a large plate; take away any that are not perfect—some may have a bit of rot or mold, you know—and then put the plateful in the refrigerator until about an hour before mealtime.

We shall plan three different ways of serving shortcake, each a trifle more difficult than the other. So be sure to use the recipes in the order given. By the time you have done the first and second, you will be so skillful that the third method will seem easy.

You will need 1 quart of strawberries, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of sugar, 2 cupfuls of flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of milk; salt and baking powder. These ingredients will be needed for each of the three methods. For the second you will need, in addition, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of whipping cream, for the third, instead of cream, the whites of two large eggs and an extra

SHORTCAKE

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

store.

Oh, one thing more we want to talk about before beginning our lesson. We may make our shortcake large and serve it from the head of the table. Or we may make individual shortcakes, served on separate plates in the kitchen. The small shortcakes do not look so imposing, but they have the advantage of giving to each person a perfect portion,

with equal shares of crust, sauce and berries. In our kitchen we do both ways and have variety. In the recipe we plan to make one big shortcake to be served at the table, but we suggest that sometimes you try making individual ones by cutting the dough with a large-sized biscuit cutter. The little ones are especially good if you suspect that someone may be late for dinner—but it isn't such a good way if your family are likely to want second helpings!

Now we have our supplies and plans and are ready for work.



STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Hull the berries, picking

carefully to remove all imperfections as well as hulls.

Wash quickly in two changes of water.

Drain and place in a large bowl.

Select a few of the finest berries and set aside for garnishing the finished cake.

Mash the rest, using a wire masher. Crush the berries gently and only enough to start the juice. A half dozen motions with the masher will be plenty.

Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar over the berries. Toss through with a fork, then put in a cold place till ready to serve the shortcake. A very tart berry may need a little more sugar but $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful will usually be ample.

Sift together twice into a mixing bowl 2 cupfuls of flour
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of sugar

[Continued on page 370]

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw a circle, now;
I am sure you know just how.



If we add this tiny thing,
It may look like Mother's ring.



Now suppose the ring we fix
On two tiny little sticks.



If we add these tents so neat,
They will make a pair of feet.



Then a point so very wee,
Facing downward, as you see.



Add this tiny dot. Well, there!
Here's a chicken, I declare!



The King's archer bent his great bow. There was a twang—a swish—and the arrow split the center of the target.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the little Prince. "I would give anything if I could do that."

"You can," replied the King's archer, "but you must first grow big and strong and practice every day."

"I'll never be big and strong," said the little Prince sadly, "Nurse told me so."

"Nonsense," said the King's archer with a smile. "All you need is a 'grow-up' food—a food that will build your muscles and bones strong like mine."

"What is a 'grow-up' food?" asked the little Prince eagerly.

"Whole wheat," replied the

King's archer. "I'll send you some for tomorrow's breakfast."

Sure enough—on the next morning the little Prince had a big steaming bowlful of whole wheat for breakfast. "Tastes like dessert!" he exclaimed joyfully. "I'll eat it every morning."

And from that day, the little Prince grew and grew until he became as strong and skillful as the King's archer.

Every little boy—and girl, too—who wants a sturdy, healthy body, should eat the same delicious whole-wheat food that helped the Prince grow big and strong. Just ask your mother to give you Wheatena—the delicious nut-brown wheat cereal.

Ask her to get Wheatena—the 'grow-up' food—from the grocer to-day so you may have it for breakfast tomorrow.

Wheatena—the cereal for strength, growth and energy

Most mothers know why Wheatena is such a wonderful food. It contains the minerals, vitamins and other great strength, growth and energy materials that nature packs into the whole-wheat kernel. And it costs less than 1 cent a dish to serve.



FREE sample package of Wheatena (enough for 3 persons) and a Recipe Book.

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatonville, Rahway, N. J.

Name.....

Address..... CL 6-28

Outdoor Health

now brought into the *Playroom*

Vita Glass, an astonishing new window glass, transmits the ultra-violet rays of sunlight and nurtures growing little bodies with nature's most effective tonic

Mothers with ailing babies... mothers with sickly children... mothers whose children don't get enough healthful sunshine.

It is to *you* mothers that Vita Glass is a great boon... means of giving your little ones all the sunlight their bodies so badly need.

You know Vita Glass... how it transmits indoors the vital health rays of sunlight. The rays so necessary to health. Read what this mother says—actual proof of its benefits.

"A seven-months premature baby boy weighing five pounds arrived in our home November 24, 1926. We then had before us the problem of developing this tiny one into a strong, healthy baby. At the doctor's advice we brought the baby to his office every day for violet ray treatments. This proved successful, but the cost of these treatments was a little beyond our reach. Therefore, our physician suggested that we have a Vita Glass window pane placed in the home. He assured us of its value to the baby. We therefore had Vita Glass installed in the home, and through its accomplishments our baby now eleven months of age weighs 29 pounds and is the healthiest, happiest baby of the neighborhood."

—408 East 83d St., New York City, Nov. 2, 1927.

Another mother writes in to tell us that... "Our experience with the glass... has been entirely satisfactory. We have used the windows so installed in giving our child sun baths, with apparently very beneficial results."

—61 Broadway, New York City.

And so it goes. Our files are filled with such letters. Every one strong testimony of the worth of Vita Glass. You should learn about this glass yourself... for your babies.

Vita Glass in playroom

Put Vita Glass in your children's playroom, in the nursery or sun-room. Let them don

VITA GLASS



health suits or bathing suits... let them expose their little bodies. The ultra-violet rays will build stronger muscles and bones... enrich the blood... build up greater resistance to disease.

Vitaglazed windows assist in the prevention and hasten the cure of rickets, tuberculosis, colds and pneumonia. They destroy bacteria. They are a means to give your children sturdy bodies and glowing skin.

With Vitaglazed windows children do not have to sit directly in the sunlight to receive its benefits. The vital rays permeate the room and reach them wherever they may be playing.

Vita Glass is clear window glass... no different in appearance from the glass you now use. It is easily and quickly installed.

Nothing to do but have the old panes removed and replace with Vita Glass.

Let us send you all the facts. We want you to read the complete story. Fill in the coupon below and forward, and we will send you full information. Do this today. The Vita Glass Corporation, Dept. A-4, 50 East 42d Street, New York.

Vitaglass Corporation, Dept. B-6
50 E. 42d St., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me the facts about Vita Glass. I am particularly interested in Vita Glass for the home.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

THE LOST BALL

[Continued from page 344]

yellow papers.

"Why—why it must be the papers your grandfather told me about!" cried Mrs. Eaton, beginning to be excited, too. "It is, girls, the long-lost maps of our plantation, and the old land deeds."

"Maps—land deeds!" cried the girls almost together. "Does it tell," added Kathryn, "about the field near the creek? Old Mr. Miller said the boys couldn't play ball there because it really belonged to him."

"Indeed, it does not!" stated Mrs. Eaton. "Here are the maps—see Miller's boundary is ten feet beyond that field."

"Oh, won't the boys be happy?" cried Lucy. "Isn't this wonderful?"

Then the girls explained to Mrs. Eaton everything that had occurred during the morning. When they finished she said thoughtfully, "I suppose I'll have to take these maps and papers over to Mr. Miller and prove the land is ours."

Kathryn whose nature was generous and forgiving spoke up at once. "Poor old man! He'll feel bad to know the land isn't his. Why don't you take him some of the cookies Patsy just made, Mother?"

"That *would* be a lovely thing to do," agreed Mrs. Eaton, who was already gathering up the papers.

"Now we must finish cleaning the hall so we can go to the game this afternoon. Isn't it funny how the lost ball really found the lost papers for us?" said Lucy.

"I'll help with the cleaning when I come home," offered Mrs. Eaton. "You girls run down to the field, carry the ball and break the good news to the boys. Think how happy they'll be!"



TO RENT

ARTHUR KRAMER

UPON a birdhouse that I built
I put a sign "To Rent."
I hope I get a robin redbreast
For a resident.



James A. Sanaker

"I've got a Bobby
a and a
and a and a
and a and a
a an
a and a
Why, Bobby
you're joking
cried Betty,
"I'm not,
answered
Bobby, just
look, the
the
the and
everything
all in my
When want a
said Bobby
a or a with
a moo, tell my
about it and he
buys me a or two

Bring up a child in the way he should chew!

WHEN six-months-old James wants to chew he finds plenty to chew on. In spite of the best efforts of modern germ-fearing mothers he munches pretty constantly on the silver rattles and rubber rabbits and mother-of-pearl elephants that civilization has devised for his amusement.

But when James is goin' on-three and has, at last, a mouthful of teeth all ready for his real job of chewing food—alas, poor James! He finds so few foods he can chew! Civilization has made mankind's diet almost exclusively soft—and disaster has followed! Listen to these facts:

National investigation shows that among the classes of defects observed in school children, that of dental defects is not only larger than any other but larger than all the others combined.

Lack of proper chewing, due to the excess of soft foods in our diet, is responsible for much of the tooth decay and gum disease so prevalent today.

Jaw deformities, malocclusion and crowding of permanent teeth are often the direct outcome of the young child's failure to develop the facial bones and muscles by sufficient chewing.

Your dentist will corroborate these facts. He will advise you to give your child foods that must be chewed. He will probably recommend Grape-Nuts.

For Grape-Nuts is a food famous for the benefit it brings to teeth. Its delicious golden kernels, so tempting in their nut-like flavor, have a crispness all their own. Children chew Grape-Nuts thoroughly—giving to teeth and gums the vigorous exercise they need.

Moreover, the splendid nourishment that Grape-Nuts contains helps to build sound teeth, and makes important contributions to the health of the whole body. Grape-Nuts supplies phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; proteins for muscle and body-building; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.



Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration, remarkably easy to digest.

Will you try it tomorrow morning? Your grocer has it, of course. Perhaps, you will wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and a booklet on children's teeth—free!

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet, "Long Life to Your Children's Teeth."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD.,
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.



MINNEAPOLIS "M" GARMENTS
The PERFECT UNDERWEAR for CHILDREN

Infants' Shirts, Bands, Binders,
Panty Waists,
Children's Union Suits and
Waist Union Suits, Vests,
Bloomers
and Com-
binations.

Mothers:-

Now your children can have undergarments that are designed with just as much regard for style and comfort as those of grown-ups. Minneapolis "M" Garments have provided them—athletic styles for boys, dainty "chic" styles for girls—in a variety of fine quality knit and woven fabrics, including Rayon. All are properly sized and carefully made. They wash well and hold their shape, and they're such wonderful values at the prices asked!

The summer styles are now at good Dry Goods stores. Look for the Minneapolis "M" trademark. Millions of mothers have found it the best guide in buying infants' and children's underwear.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.

RULES FOR WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

WOULD you like a real, live baby alligator this summer—one less than a foot long to catch flies and eat raw meat and take a swim when he has a chance?

David Newell, the artist-naturalist, is going to give six baby alligators as the first six prizes in the CHILD LIFE Wild Animal Contest. To the very first prize-winner he will also give an autographed copy of his book, "Cougars and Cowboys." Then there'll be honorable mention for those he chooses and a message for all from David Newell.

First of all, write Mr. Newell—if you haven't done so already—care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, for a free map of the United States with the tracks of six animals on it. These six animals are being pictured in CHILD LIFE, between January and June, with their tracks. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries. The footprints of the animals, described in the January, February, March, April and May issues may be found on page 361. For a description of the animals Mr. Newell tells you about this month, turn to page 350. The contest ends this month.

Second, make a list of the six animals and the states in which their tracks appear.

Third, to enter for the prizes send the list of animals and states, together with a letter of not over two hundred words about the wild animal you like best, to Mr. David Newell, care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois before June 12, 1928.

The prizes will be awarded for the six best lists and letters.

David Newell,
CHILD LIFE Magazine,
536 S. Clark Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the map of the United States with the tracks of six animals. I want to enter the Wild Animal Contest.

Name
Address
City..... State.....



Give Activities Books on Children's Day

THE MAKE-IT BOOK tells boys and girls how to make interesting things with scissors and paste and odds and ends.

MAKING THINGS WITH TOOLS is an entirely different Handicraft Book showing things to make and how to make them.

CHILD LIFE COOK BOOK is full of tempting dishes that are easy to make.

THE PLAY-IT BOOK describes games for indoors and outdoors which will keep children busy and happy.

For sale at all bookstores or sent direct for \$1.00 each, plus 7c postage for every book ordered.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Publishers
536 S. Clark Street CHICAGO

WILD ANIMAL CONTEST



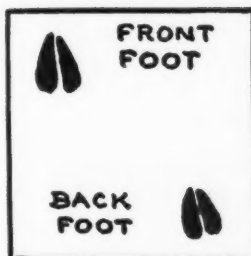
PUMA



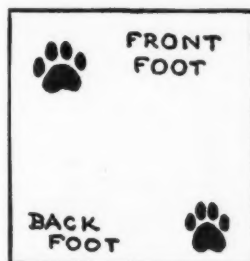
WOLF



BEAR

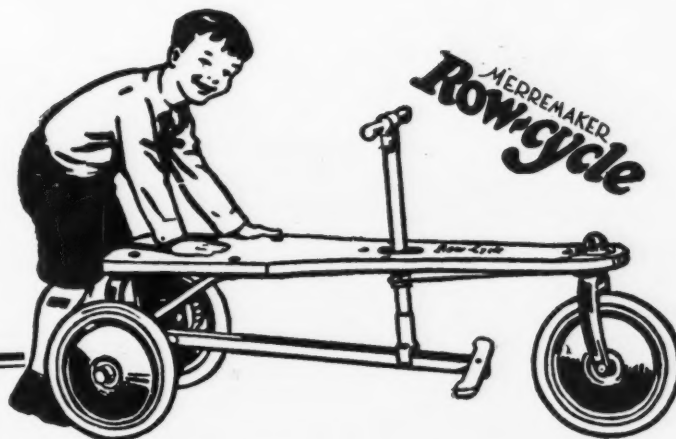


DEER



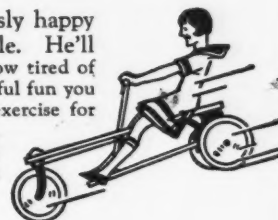
BOBCAT

Footprints of animals described in January, February, March, April and May CHILD LIFE. See page 360 for contest rules.



Here's Glorious Fun That Will Make Your Child Happy and Healthy—

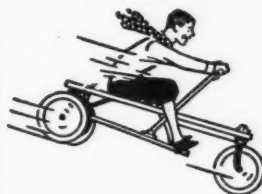
YOU'LL make your youngster gloriously happy when you give him this Row-cycle. He'll play on it hour after hour. He'll never grow tired of riding on it. It will give him just the healthful fun you want him to have—rowing, the one best exercise for developing every one of his body muscles. You will certainly be pleased with his improved physical development and rugged health.



Made for Girls and Boys

The Row-cycle is a regular 1928 model—disc wheels, solid rubber balloon tires, and ball bearings. Tested to hold 1000 pounds—steel frame, high grade gears, selected straight-grained hardwood. It will be your child's happiest play for years.

Made in two sizes. No. 1 is 36 inches long for children up to the age of 10. No 2 is 42 inches long for children from 10 to 15. Finished in rich red enamel and weather-proof spar varnish.



Manufactured by the makers of the famous Merremaker Complete Home Playground. This company has specialized for years in health-building plays for children.

You'll be surprised when you see how very little it will cost to make your child supremely happy this summer and for years to come, with a Row-cycle. For his sake, write today for the special low price. Address—

The Merremaker Corp., 217 Cecil St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For Your Protection



This is the CHILD LIFE Approval Seal. Watch for it in 1928 on products which you purchase especially for the *Education, Health, Well-being and Entertainment of your children.*

Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.



Santa Fe
Summer

Come on out West Xcursions

California • Colorado • Arizona •
New Mexico Rockies • Dude Ranches
and the National Parks •
Be sure to take the Indian-detour



Cool
summer way

mail this
coupon

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, 1049 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Am interested in summer trip to _____ Please send me detailed
information and free folders—California Picture Book, Indian-detour, Grand Canyon Outings.



THE BUTTERFLY

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE butterfly flies in the light
And, glad, I follow after—
But does he see me in his flight,
And does he hear my laughter?

Soft as a leaf he wavers down
To rest upon a rose,
Then, high tiptilting in the sun,
How beautiful he goes!

His lovely wings are green and gold,
He flutters like a fan—
O, could I have him once to hold,
However hard I ran?



WHEN YOU WERE PEEKING

AILEEN L. FISHER

I SAW you peeking
Around the corner,
I saw you peeking
At me.

When you were peeking
Around the corner,
Didn't you think
I'd see?

I have a sandpile
Around the corner,
As big a sandpile,
As tall a sandpile,
As wide—as a sandpile
Can be.

When you were peeking
Around the corner,
Didn't you wish
The tiniest wish
That you were as little
As me?

YOUR JULY CHILD LIFE

DID you ever go camel-back riding in North Africa and meet an interesting ten-year-old Arab, who lived such an adventurous life that you wanted to tell other boys and girls all about it?

Eunice Tietjens did. And so this distinguished poet, who has written for boys and girls many times before, has now written "Son of the Desert" for you. This is a fascinating serial that begins next month in "Child Life." Her seven-year-old boy, Marshall, began to go to school in ancient Carthage in Tunisia, and he was a friend of Abdul Aziz, the hero of her story. Abdul Aziz used to call Marshall "Com-barey," though what he meant by that nobody seemed to know. But Marshall likes the story and we are sure you will, too.

Among the many other surprises awaiting you next month in "Child Life" are: "Sam, Flagbearer," an interesting July story by Nancy Byrd Turner, another well-known poet, who writes for boys and girls; an unusual Fourth of July party that Jean Walden tells you and Mother just how to give; another chapter of Eleanor Hammond's glamorous adventure tale, "Hilltop Castle," that so many of you delight in; "The Magic Poppers," in which Judy Nicky and Bobs in their old Revolutionary war home have an entertaining and unusual surprise party; and "Patriotic Songs of Many Peoples," an inspiring article by Henry Purmort Eames, the distinguished musician-lecturer-composer, whose work is internationally known.



For Children's Day, June 16th—a "Sonny" Sand Wagon

SOLVED is the Children's Day gift problem! A "Son-ny" Sand Dump Wagon equipped with a real drop-bottom dump body and disc wheels, fairly glistening in the brightness of its baked enamel red and blue finish, (shovel included), is a present to thrill the heart of any boy. Built of the same heavy steel as Dad's own car, it will carry all the sand or gravel Sonny can pile into it—afford endless hours of healthful outdoor fun and play. Moderately priced.

Your dealer has a complete line of
"Son-ny" Wagons and Auto Trucks,
or can easily order for you.

THE DAYTON TOY AND SPECIALTY CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

ALSO MAKERS OF DAYTON WHEELBARROWS AND WAGONS

FOR CHILDRENS DAY

Ask Your Mother and Daddy for
The Loveliest Baby Doll You've Ever Seen

JUNE
16

Your Dealer Will Show You

Vanta Baby

Just Like A Real Live Baby

And Its Dressed in Real Vanta
Garments—"NO PINS, NO BUTTONS"

Insist on Seeing the Vanta Baby

Any dealer—"Wherever dolls are sold"—
should have it. If not send us the coupon below.

DETAILS—Dressed dolls have finest Organdie
dress and cap, Vanta silk ribbons and laces,
Vanta petty, and Vanta panties (all tied with
Vanta tape),—silky socks, hand made moccasins.
Gold tag, gift card, Dolly Record Book, and
guarantee slip with each Doll.

Retails for

10 inches—all complete, in Vanta	
Pants and shirt	\$ 1.00
11 inches—fully dressed	2.00
14 1/2 inches—All these dolls are	4.50
17 inches—completely dressed,	6.00
21 inches—with Vanta Panties, 10.00	
and have Baby Rattles	

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY
YOU, SEND US COUPON BELOW

FREE Your dealer will supply you FREE with a Daily
Record Book for the stories of your dollies. If he
has no more, send us the coupon below.

AMBERG DOLLS
The World Standard

LOUIS AMBERG & SON
869 Broadway New York, N.Y.



LOUIS AMBERG & SON, 869-B, Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$1.00 ☐ \$2.00 ☐ \$4.50 ☐ \$6.00 ☐
\$10.00 ☐ (check which) for which please have delivered
Vanta Baby of size and style specified. Please send me FREE
copy of your AMBERG DOLLY RECORD BOOK.

Name
Address
City State
Dealer's Name



Hans and Gretel . . . Bob and Betty

"Why, this is a gold and white country," said Betty, after she had been in Holland for two days.

"Don't be an idiot, Betty," said Bob. "But it is," romanced Betty; "all the people here have the golddest hair and the whitest teeth. They are just beautiful, I think, just like 'Hans and Gretel Brinker of the Silver Skates'."

"Do you suppose that once a fairy happened along this way? And she liked the funny little windmills—but, 'Oh!' she whispered to herself, 'the people aren't half pretty enough!' Then a marvelous idea broke into a thousand pieces on her forehead—and she reached into her fairy pocket and brought out a wisp of a fairy handkerchief. In one corner some sunshine powder was tied, in another just a little star-dust."

"And the fairy sprinkled the sunshine powder on the heads of the people of Holland—and their hair turned golden, beautiful golden. And she brushed all the people's teeth with the star-dust, and they all shone and sparkled—white! What fun it must have been! Don't you think that is what happened, Bob?"

"Naw!" said Bob, "God gave them their hair—and they probably brush their teeth with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—just like us!"

Colgate Co.
Est. 1806



If you want to follow Bob and Betty to other countries, watch for the next installment—then you'll get to read about the thrilling things they say and the crazy things they do.

COLGATE & COMPANY
Dept. 217-F, 595 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Please send me FREE a small-sized tube of Ribbon Dental Cream like Bob and Betty use.

Name
Address
City State

HILLTOP CASTLE

(Continued from page 340)

more boldly. They felt sure they would find no one living in such a place. They tiptoed from one great empty chamber to another. There were fine dim frescoes on walls and ceilings. The woodwork was of many curious sorts and finely carved. Room after room they went through—all empty and dusty. Once a bat flitted out of a corner and darted through a door. Twice a white cat softly crossed their path.

"She seems to be everywhere!" Georgina said. "I don't know how she manages to get round in front of us so often!"

Up one flight of stairs and another the three tiptoed. There were three stories in the castle.

"And there must be another flight of stairs up into that tall tower!" Joie said. "Let's hurry and find it! I want to go into the tower worse than anything!"

"But we haven't explored all the rooms on the third floor yet!" John objected.

"There's nothing in any of the rooms anyhow!" Georgina reminded him.

Just then Joie gave a little cry. He pointed toward a narrow dark stairway at the end of the passage. "That must be the tower stair!" he said.

They all hurried toward it. The stairway was very dark but they groped their way upward.

At the top of the stair was a door. Joie felt the knob and turned it. The door was locked.

"What's the matter?" Georgina whispered.

It was rather creepy there in the darkness. Suddenly the little girl gave a squeal. "Something touched me!" she cried.

"Something brushed by my leg!" John exclaimed.

There was a swish past them and an animal dashed down the stairs.

"It must be that cat again!" Even John's voice was a little shaky. They all felt the creepiness of the place.

Just then all three of them heard a sound which seemed to make their hearts stop beating. It was the sound of slow shuffling footsteps close at hand.

"Some one is coming after us!" Georgina could hardly whisper the words.

(Part II of "Hilltop Castle" will appear in the July issue of CHILD LIFE.)



ADVENTURES

ELEANOR HAMMOND

WHERE are you off to, little Road,
Running away from me?
Down to the ocean, over a hill
Where winds blow clean and free?
Let me take your hand, little Road,
Let me go with you and see!

OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 352]

when you made mud pies. You will need a large flat box to mix materials in, the garden hoe, a shovel and a pail. First, measure two pailfuls of sand and empty into the mixing box, then four pailfuls of stone and add to the sand. Mix the stone through the sand, add one pailful of cement and mix it through the stone and sand, and then add enough water to make a jelly-like mixture. Shovel the concrete into the hole and spread it evenly over the surface. When the box has been emptied, mix a second batch, then a third and a fourth batch.

To keep the concrete from cracking, reinforce it with poultry netting. When about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches of concrete has been spread over the bottom and sides of the hole, place strips of the netting over the surface, as shown in the cross-section (Fig. 2). Then add another $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches of concrete. Tamp down the concrete with the end of a piece of 2-by-4. Smooth the surface with a trowel.

When the concrete has stood twenty-four hours, it will be hard enough so you can build the railroad bridge. The bridge requires a mold into which to pour the concrete. Concrete molds are called "forms." Figure 3 shows the bridge form with one side removed. The two sides are alike. Figure 4 shows a pattern, but the given dimensions may have to be changed to suit the width and depth of your basin. The projections on the ends are to extend over the banks of the basin, as shown in Fig. 2. The tin cans shown in Fig. 3 form the arched openings. Use No. 3 size tomato cans, and nail them to one of the side boards. When you have set up the form in the basin, wedge sticks between it and the ends of the basin to keep the boards from spreading when you pour the concrete.

Make the concrete mixture somewhat sloppier than that used for the basin, so the thin cement and sand will run down at the sides and give the exposed surfaces a smooth finish. Do not remove the form until the concrete has set at least a day.

Fill in around the basin with earth or sand, and make the track embankment of the same grade level as the bridge road bed.

Of course, you must build a mountain with a tunnel through it. The tunnel requires one or two boxes with ends removed (Fig. 5). Place the boxes at the track grade level, then build the mountain over them, of earth. Pile stones at the entrances and scatter stones over the top. Plant sod between rocks and set in plant cuttings for trees.

Use your own ideas for your railroad model layout. Figure 1 is merely a suggestion. Include the depot described upon the April workshop page, and build a village with buildings and roads and sidewalks.

A RAILROAD MODEL PRIZE CONTEST

Write me about your model when you have completed it. To the ten boys sending photographs and descriptions of the best developed models, between now and August 31, I shall mail autographed copies of my new book, *Making Things with Tools*.



Let them Flivver for Health and Fun

HOURS and hours of pleasure with this sturdy, pedaling flivver for boys and girls.

Robust appetites, sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks that tell of strong, healthy bodies and happy minds.

In no other way can a child find so much real pleasure and healthful, body-building exercise. It cannot grow tiresome—the never-ending Flivver Joy.

It's for outdoors and indoors—every day in the year, this classy, easy-running flivver, finished in bright weather-proof colors, and equipped with rubber tires.

It's built throughout of hardwood and steel—has disc wheels, rubber hand grips and pedals. Guaranteed to hold 200 pounds in weight.



Made in TWO Sizes
 No. 10—Length over all, 31 inches—
 price \$5.75; West of Denver, \$6.25.
 For children 3 to 7 years old.
 No. 20—Length over all, 38 inches—
 price \$6.25; West of Denver, \$6.75.
 For children 4 to 10 years old.

Ask your dealer for a FLIVVER, or send direct to the Factory and one will be sent to you by express or parcel post prepaid upon receipt of the coupon below with your check or money order.

AUTOMATIC CRADLE MFG. CO.
 Dept. 20, Stevens Point, Wis.

Send me, transportation charges prepaid, one of your No. Flivvers shown above.

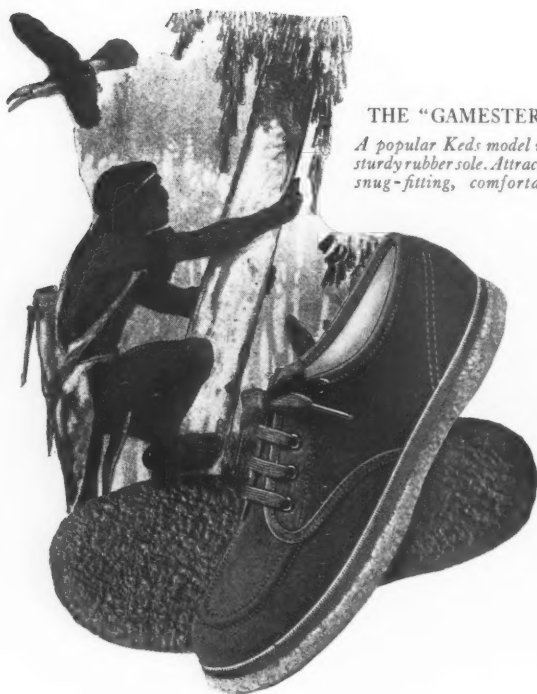
Enclosed please find my remittance for \$..... in full payment.

Name

Street Address

City

State



THE "GAMESTER"

A popular Keds model with sturdy rubber sole. Attractive, snug-fitting, comfortable.

Shoes that give you the flexible feet of these monkey men

THE cocoanut pickers of the Philippine Islands run up the trunks of the trees like monkeys.

Their feet are as flexible as hands. Constantly exercising the muscles of their feet has made them grow strong and agile.

When you wear Keds you allow the muscles of your feet to exercise and grow naturally. You will find that well-developed foot muscles will make you better in all games and sports.

Keds soles are tough and springy—full of life and wear. The uppers are light, yet strong enough to protect your ankles and foot muscles against sudden twists and sprains. And the special Feltex innersole keeps your feet cool and comfortable.

Keds come in all popular styles at prices from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Be sure you get the real Keds. Look for the name "Keds" on the shoe.

Write for our free booklet containing information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and other interesting subjects. Dept. K-119, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

They are not **Keds** unless
the name Keds is on the shoe



THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE FOR A MUSICAL AMERICA

[Continued from page 337]

crusaders must be enthusiastic soldiers, and there is one sure way of becoming enthusiastic over musical beauty and that is to become so filled with it yourself that you can no longer keep it to yourself but must share your joy with others.

When Robert Schumann—the poetic German boy who wrote "Traumerei" and the "Erlking"—was a schoolboy, he filled all his comrades with the love of music, and often he wrote to his mother, "I am so full of melody that I find it is simply impossible to keep it within myself." What a crusader for good music was Robert Schumann!

To every soldier in my musical army I give this order—*play some instrument*. The piano is best as a foundation, for it teaches you the beautiful chords upon which our music is built, and, also, the piano is to be found in every home, and you can best serve yourself, your family and your friends by learning to play the piano.

Practice reading musical notes both in school and at home. If you read music well, then you can travel all over the world and see into the hearts and homes of every nation without even getting up from your piano bench at home. That seems funny, doesn't it—to say you can go everywhere without leaving home—but I mean it. Traveling by means of the books and music of different people is—I sometimes think—the most helpful way I know of; so every crusader in my army must learn to read notes just as easily and correctly as he reads the printed word. As these very words are being written I can hear my daughter playing some beautiful folk songs and dances of far-away Finland—that "little land of ten thousand lakes"—and I know that in spirit she is traveling through its lakes and forests, and that through its folk songs she will understand the real heart of Finland better than many a tourist understands it.

Crusaders must be ready to take up other instruments at the direction of their school officers: the organ, violin, 'cello, double-bass; the flute, clarinet, oboe and bassoon; the cornet, French horn, trombone and tuba. I have not forgotten the drums, for what would an army be without drums? And if you want real fun, join the Harmonica Band! I heard one last April at the great national convention of School-Music Supervisors, and had all I could do to keep from joining at once and playing the harmonica with those "Forty Furies," as they called themselves.

And now, crusaders, listen!

Music is a language, and like our spoken language music has its good and bad, its serious and its light forms of speech. The music language of the vulgar, the common and the unclean is the foe which you are to destroy in this crusade.

First, you must love and make and harbor good music yourself, and then give it out to every one

around you. Once upon a time there was a boy whom I knew very, very well. He was a *regular guy* (as the saying now goes). He was on his school and college baseball and tennis teams. He was captain of the hockey team, and did well what every boy should do, but he also did two other things that most of his mates didn't do and these were to *practice piano-playing* and *study harmony*. These *other things* soon gave him real power and popularity with his companions, and, through his enthusiasm for good music, his class and even his teachers became crusaders. Pageants and plays with music were given in the school—(this was before Public School Music was taught), and to this day many of his classmates have kept up their appreciation of music, and their children are singing and playing crusaders for good music wherever they go. Now that's a true story and I could prove every word of it and more, if I could but tell you all the story.

No group of studies in your school course will be of such value to you, your friends, your home—and later on—to your business as the studies of Music Appreciation and Interpretation, and no army is more needed in this country of ours than this legion of crusaders for a more musical America, over which I have made myself the *pretend Generalissimo*.

Join this joyous Children's Crusade and carry its story and message to your home, school and Scout comrades. Ask your music supervisor to make a music map of America (as outlined in Child Life last September) and hang it in your schoolroom.

Then learn the song and dance language of these different sections of America and become crusaders for American folk music. Perhaps some of you will some day write our old tunes into an opera, a rhapsody or a symphony. Franz Liszt did this for his country—Hungary; Smetana and Dvorak were the truest and highest advertising men Bohemia has had in a century. Grieg was a lifelong crusader for Norway and Norwegian music. Chopin and Paderewski are Musical Knights for their beloved Poland. Albeniz, de Falla and Manuel Infanta are the Three Guardsmen ever advancing the flag of Spanish folk song. Here in America we have men who will join our crusade, just as soon as you public-school children lead the way. These men write music you should know, for they use American rhythms and tunes. They really have been "free lance" crusaders for years. Charles W. Cadman, Charles Loomis, Derrick Lehmer, Homer Grunn Gilbert, Arthur Farwell, Leo Sowerby and many other gifted Americans will be with us heart and soul in this crusade.

So—atten-shun!

Every American boy and girl who loves music is enrolled from now on as a crusader for a musical America. If all of our thirteen million school children work for beautiful music they will make America the most musical country in the world, and this Children's Crusade will have a high place in American history.



SCOOTER BIKE FUN

A-WHIZZING on our SCOOTER BIKES

We happy children go.

We breathe the healthful open air;

Our cheeks like roses glow.

And with the ENDEE COASTER BRAKES

On SCOOTER BIKES one rides,

We get the best of *safety fun*

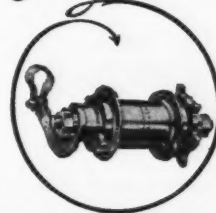
And glowing health besides.



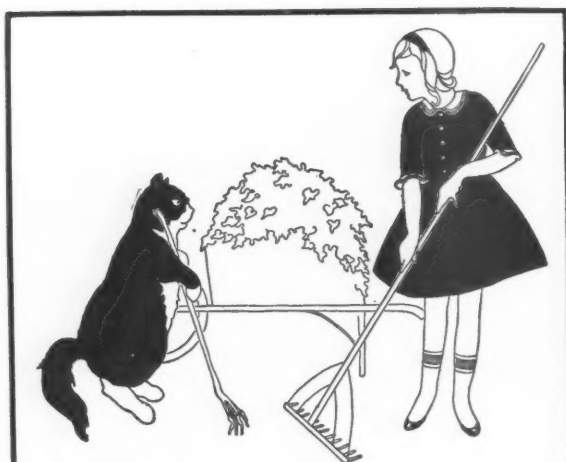
ANY boy or girl who has an ENDEE Coaster Brake on his scooter bike or bicycle will tell you that it's worth its weight in gold for making the cycle ride happier and easier. This brake is made just like the multiple disc clutch in Dad's automobile. It never fails and makes you sure of absolute control of speed and stop wherever you may be riding. Without it, no scooter bike or bicycle is as good as it can be.

May we send you a descriptive booklet, also a little prize novelty for the children?

*Especially designed
for
Scooter Bikes*



New Departure
ENDEE
Coaster Brake
BRISTOL CONN.



BOOKS FOR VACATION

Are these on your summer reading list?

For Younger Boys and Girls:

- Jupie Follows His Tale**
Stories and pictures by Neely McCoy. \$1.75
- The Lion-Hearted Kitten**
Stories and pictures by Peggy Bacon. \$2.00
- Charlie and His Friends**
Stories and pictures by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell. \$1.25
- The Adventures of Pinocchio**
The Children's Classics
By Collodi. Pictures by Mussino. \$1.75
- The Rabbit Lantern**
By Dorothy Rowe. With pictures by a Chinese artist. \$1.75

For Older Boys and Girls:

- Midwinter**
By Katharine Adams. \$1.75
- Tod of the Fens**
By Elinor Whitney. Pictures by Warwick Goble. \$2.50
- Dr. Pete of the Sierras**
By Mary M. Davis. \$2.00
- The Tiger Who Walks Alone.**
By Constance L. Skinner. \$1.75
- Roselle of the North**
By Constance L. Skinner. \$1.75



Things to Do:

The Work and Play Books

- Playing with Clay** \$2.00
- Your Workshop** \$1.50
- With Scissors and Paste** \$1.75
- The Piece Bag Book** \$1.60
- Games for Every Day** \$1.75

The Children's Classics

The Sky Movies

The Sky People

By Gaylord Johnson.

Each \$1.50



The Macmillan Company

New York Chicago Boston
Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

BILLY AND THE BAG

(Continued from page 349)

running. The horse, evidently, was tied to a tree. Billy's venture had been nipped in the bud, for somebody caught hold of him!

"Didn't know you had a passenger!" the highwayman cried.

The man who was driving the car muttered something. "Here, you!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing with my bag?" He picked the bag from the roadway and held it, looking down at Billy in the dark.

"It's my bag," retorted Billy manfully.

"It is not!"

"It's mine, really," remarked the highwayman with a stage laugh! "Joke's on you, Famous Dramatist! A good situation for a comedy, staged on the state road, Woodstock!"

"Be quiet," roared the other man. "Enough of practical joking! *He* was the real thing—after my bag, too!"

"It's mine," Billy insisted, shivering. He tried to get hold of the bag. He was pushed away.

The highwayman roared in amusement. He was the same one who had taken the tickets at Maverick entrance and, evidently, he had been trying to play a practical joke, for fun! He knew the man Billy had been with in the sedan. They were really friends.

"Explain yourself!" It was the highwayman. "Aren't you the boy that Mr. Whatell was going to paint as Young Pan? It looks as if he dressed you up!"

"He did," Billy replied, glad to be recognized in the flare of a flash light. "And I thought I was in his car waiting for him—only I got into the wrong car and got carried—"

"Why did you attempt to make off with the bag that was not yours? Why claim it, Pan? Do you need to have somebody's bag that is not yours, quoth I?"

But Billy was in no mood for joking. "I'll tell you all about it," he said. "That—that man there is—is going to do something to 'Bracket'—he's on his way now! You must stop him!" And he poured forth the full story of his bag and the pursuit of it.

When he had finished, the highwayman could not stop laughing. The villain, too, roared. "'Bracket,'" he howled. "Boy,

I'm writing a play—and he's a character in my play! I'm going home now to revise my manuscript. It's in my bag—and if this bag proves, as you say, to be your bag, you will immediately have to account for my manuscript that's locked in my own bag and that happens to be important stuff! I have no copy of my play but *that!*"

He held the flash over Billy's bag. The highwayman forced the lock. It broke open, showing Mother's lovely lunch box right on top! Billy grabbed it. "Mine," he yelled. "See—yours is back in G. G. Whatell's car at Maverick!"

The hero was triumphant! He crawled back into the car of the dramatist, holding tight to his bag. The car backed, the highwayman called, "Good night!" and they sped back to Maverick in silence. Billy only remarked that he was sorry he'd taken the man for a villain, and he told him about the movie he had seen.

They found Mr. Whatell with a lot of other people on the parking ground hunting for Billy! One of them was his uncle whom Mr. Whatell had somehow managed to reach!

The dramatist got his bag and shook hands with the hero, Billy. Mr. Whatell invited Billy to pose for him next day. His uncle said, "Where did you put his suit, Whatell?"

And Whatell said he'd bring it up next day.

"I've got enough in my bag without it," said Billy. "I like going without shoes—I do, Uncle!"

"Well, Nephew," returned his uncle, looking down at Billy sitting beside him on the front seat of the car and still wrapped in his woolly rug. "I should not call you exactly a goat, and I'm glad the papers are *quite safe!*"

"I said they would be," answered Billy with dignity. "Even a hero in a movie couldn't have done better than I did!"

"Sure, Billy," said his uncle. "You were a real hero—it takes a boy to get into such a scrape and get out of it the way you did. We'll have to write Dad to-morrow!"

"Tell him 'Billy and bag safe!'" suggested Billy. "And tell him you found me at the end of a perfect day—and my picture is going to be on a magazine cover sometime!"

And together, the two grinned as the car sped toward Uncle's camp.

THE END



He Couldn't Wait!

COOK would say this young man is "up to mischief." But the truth of the matter is he just couldn't wait any longer for the delicious bread and rolls cook has promised to make for him.

So he decided to take a hand at the kneading himself. If you knew how delicious bread, rolls and cake, made from Ceresota Flour, can be, you would hardly blame the young baker. Ceresota is a pure, wholesome flour, absolutely unbleached, and especially recommended for young digestions. Your grocer has Ceresota or can get it quickly.

The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Company
Minneapolis, Minnesota

PAINTING BOOK for the KIDDIES

10¢ Big, beautiful—48 pages—12 colored pictures—12 painting charts—complete instructions to young artists—set of Japanese water colors—wonderfully interesting story. Sent postage prepaid.

CLIP COUPON - MAIL TODAY

Here is my 10¢ for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" and the set of Japanese water colors.

Name.....CL

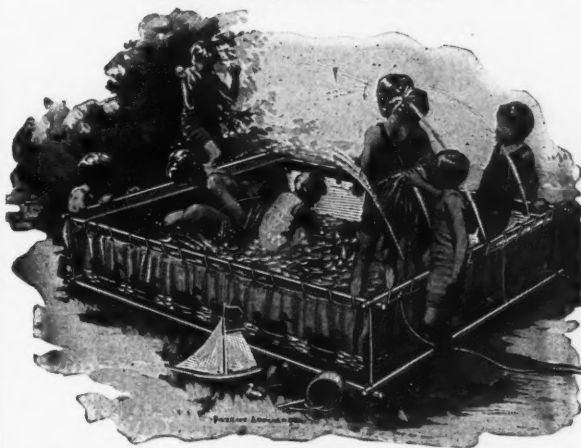
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Ceresota Flour



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A Bathing Beach On Your Lawn This Summer

No more tiresome trips to an insanitary beach or dangerous stream. The children will be at home, playing in pure water and amid proper surroundings. Wading, splashing and water toys are just outside your door awaiting for Warm Days and

PUDDLE DUCK POOL

TRADE MARK

"The Children's Bathing Beach on Your Lawn"
It is Portable, Clean and Safe

Your Store Should Have It—If Not, We Sell Direct

The American Wading Pool Co., Wabash Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send literature relative to PUDDLE DUCK.

Name.....

Address.....

Journeys to Advertising Land

(Continued from page 326)

would dance down through the air on rays of sunshine to the earth. Have you ever seen them dancing in the sunlight?"

Robert and Ruth both shook their heads, so Daddy picked up a mirror from the bureau and brought it over to the big window. When he held it just so the six little rainbow fairies began dancing in a circle on the ceiling. Ruth was delighted and kept the mirror in the sun to watch the fairies dance while Daddy went on with the story.

"These six little fairies," continued Daddy, "work very hard while they are dancing, for they bring to us from their Sunshine Palace warmth, and light, and health that they have stored away up there.

"These fairies come into our houses, too, but there used to be a difference when the fairies came inside the house, for the boys and girls who played indoors with the sunshine fairies didn't seem to have as rosy cheeks as those who played with them outdoors.

"Then one day a fairy godmother came along and said she knew what the trouble was for she found out that all this time there had been a seventh fairy up in the Sunshine Palace, such a tiny little fairy that no one on the earth could see her. Her name is Violet and although she is so small she really is more important than any other one of the sun fairies, for it is she who brings the rosy cheeks to the children who play with her."

"What else can she do?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, lots of things," replied Daddy. "She helps to cure people who are sick, and she helps to kill germs that make people sick."

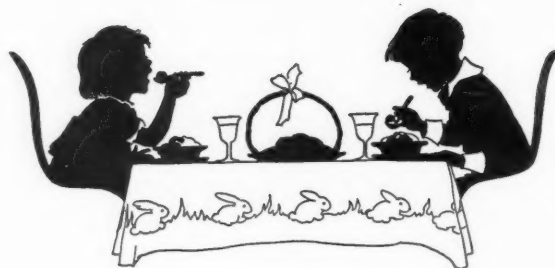
"But what about the poor people inside the houses," asked Bobby. "Why doesn't she help them?"

"Well," said Daddy, "you see although this little Violet fairy is the most helpful one of all, she is so small that she has never been able to push her way through the glass windows of people's houses to get in and play with her six little sisters. And that's the reason that people who stay indoors have never been so healthy and strong as the folks who have been able to play with this little fairy outside in the open air.

"So the fairy godmother thought and thought and worked and worked and worked and finally one day the fairy godmother waved her wand (only her wand was a great big factory with lots of machinery in it) and there was a brand new kind of glass. And when the fairy godmother put this glass in the windows of houses instead of the old kind of glass, she found that the little Violet fairy could dance right through it with all the other fairies and make all the people in those houses stronger and healthier and happier. Sometimes you may hear Mother talk about violet rays or ultra-violet rays and what she is really talking about is this little Violet fairy.

"The fairy godmother called her glass Vitaglass, which means Glass of Life, because instead of bringing new clothes to people this glass brings them new health and happier lives.

"So you see, Bobby, we put this new glass in the window beside your bed so the sunshine could bring all seven of the little fairies right through the glass to play with you and the Violet fairy is going to make you well and strong again."



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 357)

With the fingers work in $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of butter. Use the method we learned in making baking-powder biscuits, that is, rub the flour mixture and the butter till the whole feels like sand. The butter must be very cold at the beginning.

Make a hollow in the center of this mixture and pour in $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of milk.

With a fork, toss till blended. Work quickly and with few motions, as this dough must be handled as little as possible.

Divide into two portions.

Drop each onto a floured cake pan. Pat out till the pan is covered and the cake well shaped.

(If you are making individual cakes, drop the dough onto a floured board, pat till $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick and cut out with a biscuit cutter.)

Bake 13 to 15 minutes in a quick oven (425). The cakes should be nicely browned.

Put one layer on a dessert plate and butter generously.

Spread on one half the berries.

Put the second layer on top and cover with the rest of the berries. Add the whole berries you saved for garnishing and serve at once. A bit of powdered sugar shaken over the finished cake just before it goes to the table is a pretty addition. The cake may be eaten with or without cream, as preferred.

Now for the second method: Do everything exactly as before, except while the cake is baking, whip $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream till stiff. Fix the cake and mashed berries as before. Cover the shortcake with the whipped cream and then add the whole berries for garnishing.

The third method is quite different in the last few steps and at the very beginning, so watch carefully.

Before you make the dough, beat the two egg whites till stiff and put them in the ice box. Then mash the berries, make the cake—all as before. While the cake is baking, drain the juice from the mashed berries (there should be $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful at least). Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of sugar and dissolve well.

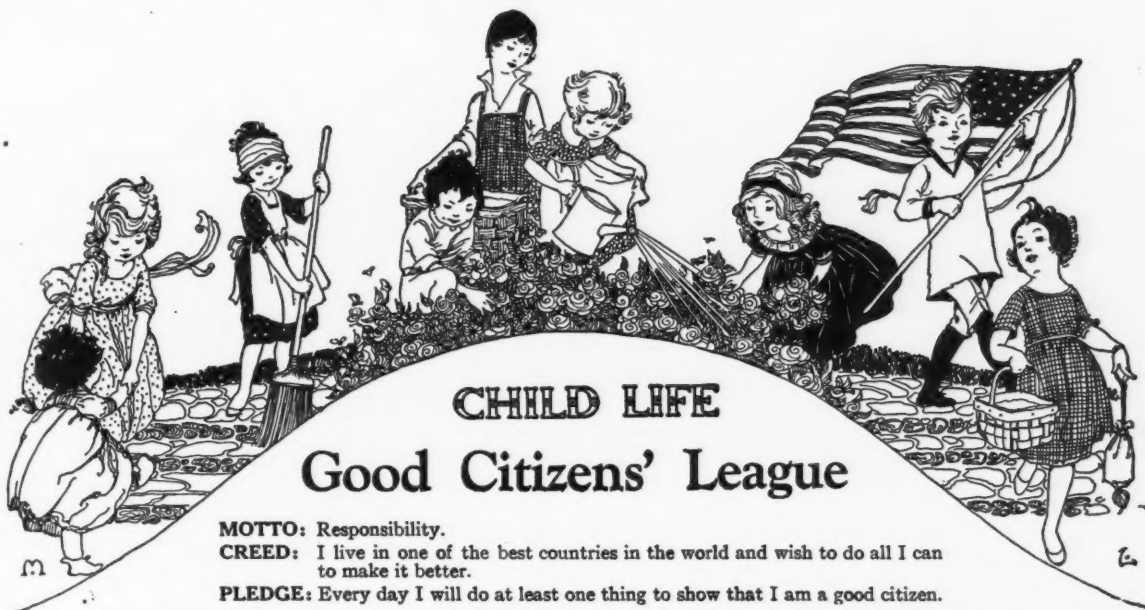
Boil for four minutes, stand in a warm place while you take up the cake and fix the berries on it as in the other methods.

Boil sauce for two minutes, pour over the beaten whites and beat for three minutes. Pour into sauce bowl and serve at the table. This sauce is very delicious and not common, so it is a pleasant change if you have shortcake often.

So nourishing a dessert should follow a rather simple dinner. Maybe you will like this menu:

A JUNE DINNER

Lamb Chops	Fresh Asparagus
Lettuce Salad	Brown bread
Milk	
Strawberry Shortcake	



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

TRAVEL

Grace was going abroad, and the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League were giving her a farewell party in Miriam's garden.

"Fifteen!" Grace counted the steamer letters they had written her. "I'll read three of them each day I am on the ocean. They will be more fun if I spread them out that way."

"You can't cross the Atlantic in five days, can you?" asked David.

"We can in the big ship we're going on. Daddy says it is a block long and that it will have everything to help us enjoy ourselves, even a gymnasium. We'll be just as comfortable in our staterooms as we would be in our rooms at home."

"Yes, you will!" Bill laughed. "Wait till the ship begins to toss."

"I'll be having too good a time to think about that. I'm going on such a wonderful boat."

"It will be quite different, won't it, from the first steamship invented by Robert Fulton?" Miss Bradley the counselor, suggested.

When they stopped to think about it, they realized that the various other means of transportation which the members would make use of when they started on their vacation trips, had undergone tremendous changes, too. Miriam, who was to spend two weeks in a mountain resort, would travel on a comfortable Pullman, with every

A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I looked up a picture of a big ocean liner and found out all I could about it.
2. I learned the names of several of the men responsible for the ship's safety and progress and the comfort of the passengers.
3. I learned what a passport is.
4. I looked up the story of Robert Fulton and his steamship, the Clermont.
5. I read the story of one of the recent trans-Atlantic flights and learned something about it which I had not known before.
6. I learned something about the airplane mail service in the United States.
7. I learned something about the airplane passenger service in Europe.
8. I read the story of the Wright brothers who invented the airplane.
9. I either went through a modern up-to-date train, or read about one and learned all I could about it.
10. I learned the names of the men on the train responsible for the train's safety and progress.
11. I learned the names of the men who care for the wants of the passengers.
12. I learned something about the invention of the Pullman car.
13. I learned something of the way the mail is carried on the trains.
14. I looked up the history of the automobiles.
15. I learned something new about the very first machines.
16. I learned the names of the important parts of our own modern automobiles.
17. I learned something about the stage-coach used in the early history of America.
18. I learned how the people of the desert travel.
19. I learned how the Eskimos of northern Alaska travel.
20. I learned how the people travel on the canals of Venice.
21. I read about the jinrikisha, in which the people of Japan go about their towns.
22. I read about how the people of some other nation travel.
23. I made a list of all the modern means of traveling by water.
24. I made a list of all the modern ways of traveling by land.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above. At the beginning of the month, write your name, age, and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your June list of good deeds in time to reach us by July 5 if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

convenience she could have at home, even to a library. Her train would be quite a contrast to the first crude open coaches pulled by a cable engine scattering smoke and cinders over the passengers. Elizabeth expected to visit her aunt in another town, driving the distance with her parents in their own comfortable automobile. It would take them only a few hours, whereas the slow, lumbering stage coaches of olden days would have needed several days to make the trip. Harvey was going camping and would learn to manage a sailboat and David, who was counting on spending a week at his grandfather's farm, declared that he would have more fun than any of them riding a tractor.

"And I," said Bill. "will ride the street cars. I'm going to stay right here in Brocton all summer."

It wasn't until Bill said that that they realized how dependent they were on the transportation they had always taken for granted. Not one of them would be able to travel far on his own two feet, with no outside aid; even the member who would stay at home would need the street car. It was this improved system of transportation which had made progress possible. It had drawn the people of their country together, allowing them to trade and to know each other better. It was drawing the people of the world together,



Joyous Feet Today— but what of Tomorrow?

TODAY is the best time to think of tomorrow. Those healthy, happy feet, for example. Will they be as joyous twenty years hence, as they are now, today? Something to think about!

Do you know about the harm that can be caused in later years, by poorly designed or incorrectly fitted shoes worn in childhood? Do you know that almost three-fourths of all grownup folks suffer from foot troubles that could easily have been prevented by proper shoe selection in youth? Again something to think about!

Simplex Flexies, the dainty health shoes for healthy feet, keep young feet young. They provide comfort and style for today, and protection against pain for tomorrow! Insist on being supplied with Simplex Flexies for your children. This name is printed on the bottom of each shoe.

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. E-68, Milwaukee, Wis.

Simplex

Flexies
KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG



A new Flexies feature is that these little health shoes may be had with a special moisture-proof sole that keeps feet snug and dry.

Flexies are made in both high and low styles, in a great variety of leathers.

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, nicely illustrated booklets—one for you and one for the kiddies.



Gentlemen: Send me name of nearest Flexies dealer—also your booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name

Address E-68

Good Citizens' League

too, and since the long-distance airplane flights, particularly, they were becoming better friends.

"What we have always taken as a matter of course—the service offered by the railroads, the steamships, the automobiles and the street cars, even—has come about as the result of the efforts of many men, Robert Fulton, James Watts and George Stephenson among them," said Miss Bradley. "Wouldn't it be interesting if each one of us would look up something about the history of the means of transportation which we expect to use this summer? Miriam could tell us about the first railroads, Elizabeth about the first automobiles; and Bill can find out about our own street car system."

At the next meeting, when the members came together, they didn't take the trains and the automobiles and the steamships and the airplanes as a matter of course. They knew that each had a fascinating history, which many courageous men had helped to make, a history which affected their own everyday lives from first to last.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

Honor Roll for February

(Continued from May issue)

Nona Fryar
Etta Godbey
Ernest Green
Margaret Grupner
Hillis Hall
Max Harpster
Robert Harris
William Haskins
Kathleen Heiman
Ruth Hershman
Yasayuki Hirano
Ruby Holtdorf
Katsuyee Inouye
Yutaka Inouye
Clifford Jollo
Viola Kanis
Yvonne Kelly
Zelma Kidd
Janet Kralis
Dale Kruckman
Raymond Kumm
Edna Lake
Tomy Lyn Laney
Ruth Lawhun
Frank Lester
Elizabeth Lewis
Margaret Lewis
Lucille Lowe
Jane McCarish

Lola Mack
Dorothy Marble
Garnet Maynor
Golda Maynor
Virginia Maynor
Hazel Mitner
Dorothy Moony
Thomas Morey
Irving Morse
Iola Moser
Maryann Muller
Ruth Nett
Mary Nicely
Naomi Onyon
Hideo Oshiyama
Vernee Pacey
Thomas Painter
Evelyn Parker
Estella Persons
Wendell Persons
Robert Rauen
Geraldine Robe
Ross Romine
Dwight Rose
Carl Rosenbaum
Leonard Rosenbaum
Marguerite Rosenbaum
George Rush
Wilbur Rush

(Continued in July)

6 Health Toys in ONE



The famous Kiddie Gym is the only complete and patented children's health gym on the market, combining in one sturdy combination—

Swing Teeter-Totter
Parallel Bars — Trapeze
Flying Rings Turning Bar
Size — 7 feet high, 7 feet long and 4 feet wide. Place Kiddie Gym on the lawn in summer, in the playground or basement in winter. Sturdy and attractive. Dozens of testimonials on file from parents in every state in the Union and abroad.

Kiddie Gym
TRADE MARK REG.
\$15
PAT. AUG. 5, 1924

Kiddie Gym is endorsed by authorities at the Universities of Chicago, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, child specialists and delighted parents everywhere. Has seal of approval of Modern Priscilla, Child Life and Junior Home. Keeps children amused and off the street while building healthy young bodies. Holds five or six children at once. Kiddie Gym is built of selected woods and steel, durably made to hold the weight of any child; painted a rich red. Easily erected, parts instantly interchangeable.



EASY TO ORDER

Send your name and address with check or money order for \$15 to our nearest office and Kiddie Gym will be shipped at once, express or freight, as you prefer. Shipping weight 60 lbs. in carton. Or we will send express or freight collect. Ask for our attractive catalogue of health toys "Kiddie Gym."

"The Kiddie Gym Company,"
Power Bldg., Nicollet Island, Dept. C.L.1
Minneapolis, Minn.

Western Office:

360 Third Ave., Venice, California

THE LITTLE NIGHT BREEZE

[Continued from page 341]

Then Little Night Breeze flew to the buttercups and gently fanned them with her white wings.

She poured into each tiny cup a drop of dew. "Oh, what a cool little breeze!" whispered the buttercups, as they drank their fill of the dew. "Thank you, Little Night Breeze."

Then Little Night Breeze flew to the hot little birds and gently fanned them with her white wings.

"Oh, what a cool little breeze!" chirped the birds. "Tweet, tweet, now we can sleep, now we can sleep. Thank you, Little Night Breeze."

And Little Night Breeze stayed and gently fanned the dear children of the earth all night long, for Little Night Breeze loves the children of the earth and they love her, too.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF CHILD LIFE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1928.
STATE OF ILLINOIS)
COUNTY OF COOK) ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CHILD LIFE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Rose Waldo, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the name and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, an Illinois corporation.

Harry B. Clow and Andrew F. W. McNally, Trustees of Estate of Andrew McNally, deceased, 536-538 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; H. B. Clow, 60 Scott St., Chicago, Ill.; Andrew F. W. McNally, 536-538 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James McNally, deceased, 536-538 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Sabina R. Arnold, Western Springs, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. H. Milchack, 515 Centre St., Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. Clara M. Hohl, 5 Edgewood Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. June P. M. Chapin, care Whitney Central Trust & Savings Bank, City Bank Branch, New Orleans, La.; Mary A. B. Mackenzie, 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; E. C. Buehring, 536-538 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Eleanor V. McNally, 1041 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Julia Hemert, Drake Hotel, Chicago, Ill.; Gustav Hemert, 536-538 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Louise P. Bunts, 550 Surf St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation, for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRED L. McNALLY

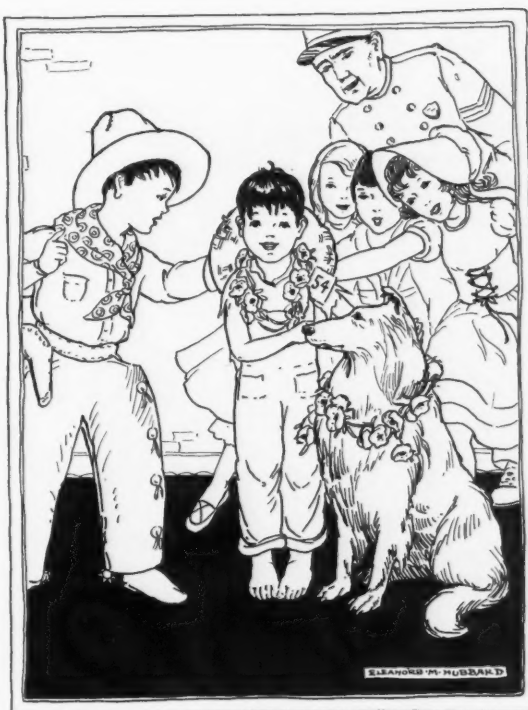
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1928.

SEAL

M. J. STANTON

(My commission expires December 8, 1930).



JUAN'S WISH

[Continued from page 333]

the street. Juan stopped short in disappointment.

"Here, you!"

Startled, Juan looked around.

A big, burly man beckoned to him. "You want to go in the parade? Well, what's your name?"

"Juan Felipe Lopez," the boy gulped all in a breath.

"Pin this number on your shoulder, son." The man handed him a slip of paper. "If you run, you can march at the end of the parade."

Juan lost no time joining the marching column. It made no difference to him that he was the last in line. The very fact that he was there, keeping time to the band, made him so happy that he whistled a little tune to himself as they paraded down the main street. Juan's eyes were on the collie, so he did not notice the admiring glances that fell on his picturesque little figure, clad in the ragged blue overalls, with a wreath of bright flowers about his shoulders.

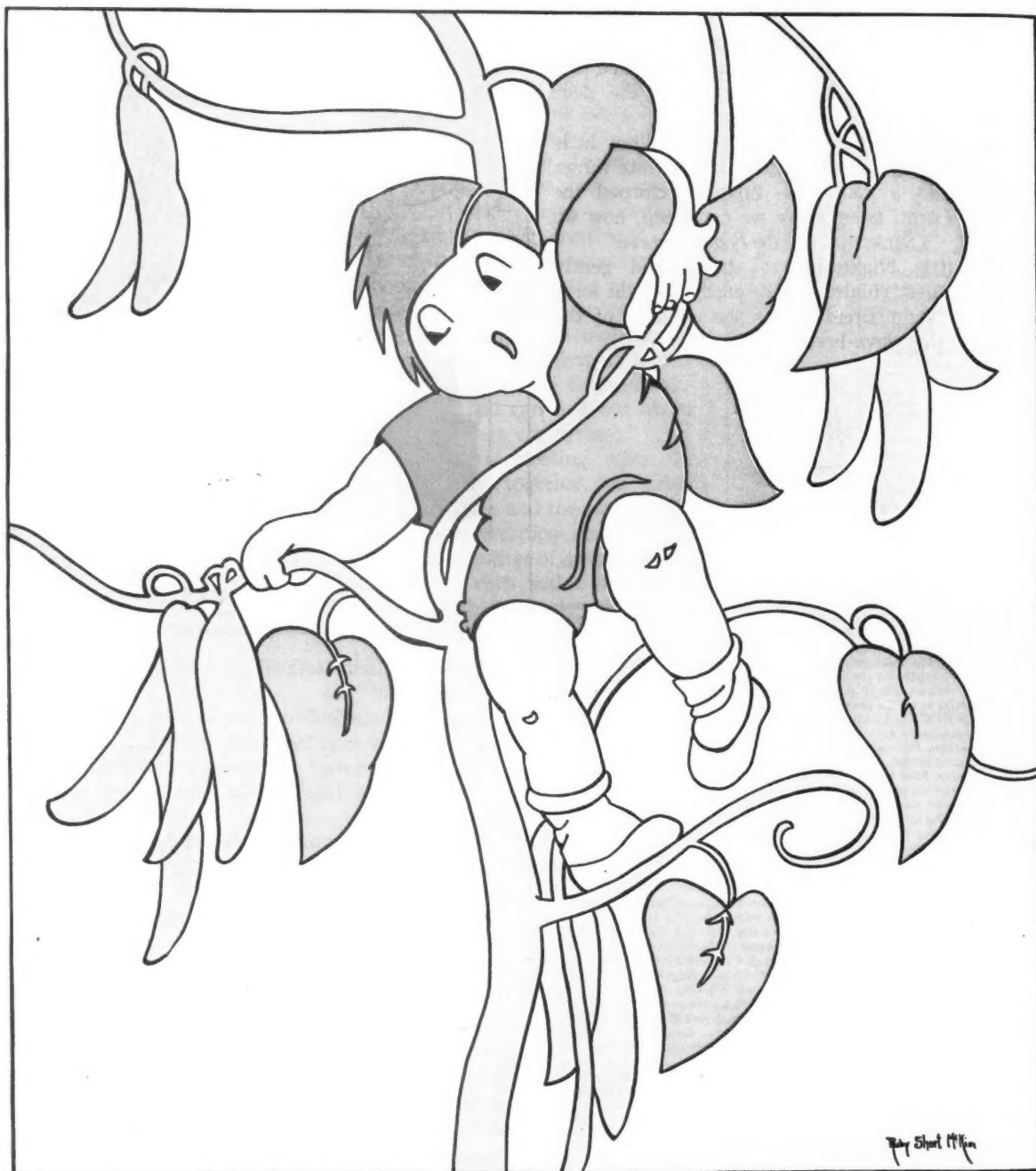
"Here you, stand over there to the side, so that the judges can read the numbers."

Juan came out of his dream with a start. Already they were at the customhouse, being judged for the prize! Suddenly the boy felt self-conscious. He wished there was a pole behind which he could hide. He felt out of place among all the gayly-dressed children. Stooping, he ran caressing fingers through the thick fur on the dog's neck. Anyway, he had no need to be ashamed of the collie! Once

[Continued on page 377]

STORY BOOK PEOPLE IN PAINT

By RUBY SHORT McKIM



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, No. 310

WOULDN'T you like a series of painted posters for your room, telling the stories of Jack and the Beanstalk, Red Riding Hood, and the Three Bears? And wouldn't you enjoy them more if you actually painted them yourself?

Any boy or girl large enough to use water colors can paint these. Waxed patterns are exact size to use, and tell you about the placing of each color. First in the series is this picture of

Jack and the Beanstalk. It comes on a wax pattern 18 by 20 inches. Ask Mother to help you transfer this to a piece of muslin or silk by pressing with a hot iron, and it is then ready to paint. It is necessary to use a special fabric paint that will not spread, and this can be dry-cleaned when done on muslin or safely washed when on silk.

(For complete directions, see page 376)

Waxed patterns may be purchased at 25 cents postpaid.

Painting set—three colors, a bottle of medium and a good brush—number 311—\$1.10 postpaid.

Please order from CHILD LIFE, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



THE paper-doll baby thinks she should have some attention, and she shall, for her clothes are quite as important as those of her older brothers and sisters.

She has slips, dresses and little wrappers, all made so comfortable and cute.

Her wrappers are made of delicate-colored pongee, which can be laundered in a jiffy.

Her dress is the softest batiste, with a quaint, pointed yolk

and plenty of tucks and gathers to give it fullness.

No wonder the baby wants you to see them.

You can get all of these comfy baby patterns in one set.

No. 6130

Dress: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard, 36 inch material.

Slip: $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard, 36 inch material.

Wrapper: $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard, 36 inch material.

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.



FOR wear ...
'anywhere under
the sun'...

YOU KNOW, of course, about the beneficial "Ultra-violet rays" contained in sunlight. Perhaps your doctor already has recommended daily sun-baths as an important factor in your child's health.

Dress your child in a Jantzen Sun-suit these warm vacation days. It is designed (under the supervision of a noted child specialist) to give a maximum exposure of skin surface to the sun. Neck, armholes, and trunks have been cut away.

Tightly knitted from long-fibred wool by the Jantzen-stitch process, a Jantzen Sun-suit is extremely elastic... provides for the growth of your child. Being of wool, it absorbs normal perspiration; guards your child against changing temperatures and colds.

Children delight in wearing Jantzen Sun-suits for outdoor play, and swimming as well. Mothers, too, will find them a saving in children's clothes... and in laundering trouble. See the new models on display at leading stores. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen
Sun-suit
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAIL US THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

Name _____

Address _____

STORY BOOK PEOPLE IN PAINT DIRECTIONS

IN painting the series of posters, the first of which is described on page 374, it is necessary to use a special fabric paint that will not spread. This can be dry-cleaned when done on muslin and safely washed when done on silk.

None of the posters call for more than the three primary colors, yellow, red and blue, and *Jack and the Beanstalk* is done mostly in light and dark blue. You see, it's a waxbean stalk so the pods are all left plain muslin or pongee, with a light tint of blue paint over the whole sky. The leaves and stems are dark blue; so are his eyes and any single lines. His flesh is a tint of the rose color, which is used in a brighter shade for socks and mouth. A shock of yellow hair completes the painting, as his suit and shoes and of course his eyeballs are all left white! A color chart very plainly marked goes with each pattern so that you can easily follow directions. Do not try to follow the colors in the illustration on page 374.

If you use this for a muslin wall hanging or poster, you can bind the edges with blue gingham. It would also be attractive as the center of a crib quilt, or for use on curtains. As there will be six of these, all the same size, you may want to wait and set them together to make a beautiful full-sized quilt.

Wax crayons may be used instead of paints to do these posters and pleasing effects obtained with them. They would not wash that way, however.



PICKANINNY DAVID BOY SORTER

FIREFLIES am a flittin'
In the woodlan' breeze.
Slip'ry elm's a slippin'
From the ellow trees!

Shootin' stars am shootin'
All across the sky;
Wild roses am a bloomin'
An' I jus' wonders why.

Guess I'se solved the riddle
Lookin' at the moon—
Moon's all white an' silv'ry,
Mus' be gettin' June!

BIG-BANG

NO
MATCHES



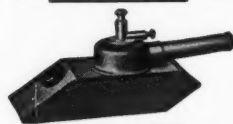
NO
POWDER

"IT DOESN'T HURT A BIT!"



SAFETY PISTOL

A Real Pistol in looks but safe—made of black gun-metal—comes in leather holster.
No. 6P—Price \$2.00—8 inches



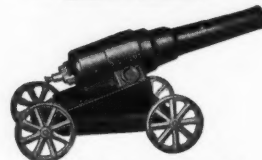
ARMY TANK

Fired like any BIG-BANG with the added feature that Tank can also be fired by stepping on the ignitor.
No. 5T—Price \$1.00—8 inches



NAVY GUN-BOAT

Mounted on 4 wheels—Ammunition in rear turret.
No. 9B—Price \$2.00—9 inches



HEAVY ARTILLERY

This Model has four red wheels and is mounted on a strong steel carriage.
No. 10W—Price \$3.00—14 inches



FIELD ARTILLERY

No. 16F—Price \$5.50—length 23 inches
No. 12F—Price \$3.75—length 17 inches
No. 8F—Price \$2.25—length 11 inches

EXTRA SUPPLIES
Bangsite (ammunition) per tube \$.15
Spark Plug (ignitor) per card... .10

A BIG-BANG is operated with pleasure both by children and grown-ups. Open the breech—fill the charging measure from the ammunition case—slam the breech shut—push the plungers—it's off with a "BANG." BIG-BANG in military games, saluting and celebrating has the Glamor, the Flash and the Boom which appeal so strongly to every boy.

SAFE NOISE FOR SALE

If your dealer cannot supply you, send money order or check or pay the Postman for a "BIG-BANG" with a Supply of Bangsite (ammunition) which will be sent to you prepaid in U.S.A. together with complete directions.

GUARANTEE—If the BIG-BANG is not entirely satisfactory, return it at once and your money will be refunded promptly.

The Conestoga Corporation
Main Office and Factory
Bethlehem, Pa.



1-2-3-4

*Come on you'll have to
count some more,*

5-6-7-8

*I can skip forever
at this rate,*

9-10 - keep counting fast,

*Cantilever Shoes will
help me last*

WHEN a little girl's feet are free and comfortable in a pair of flexible, naturally shaped Cantilever Shoes, she has a big advantage at play. She can skip rope longer, run faster and has a better chance to win games.

Cantilever Shoes are shaped to fit young feet correctly. They are made over natural lasts that allow plenty of room for the toes and a nice glove-like fit for the whole foot. Heels fit snugly and there is an exact fit around the instep and under the arch of the foot which keeps the foot from crowding forward in the shoe.

Arch muscles can strengthen through exercise in Cantilever Shoes because the arches of the shoes are flexible. They are well made, good looking shoes that wear splendidly and keep their shape.

At your local Cantilever Agency you will find interested salespeople who fit conscientiously. Prices are moderate. If you do not find the Cantilever Agency listed in your phone book, write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. and they will send you the address.

Cantilever Shoe

For Health and Economy
MEN..WOMEN..CHILDREN



JUAN'S WISH

[Continued from page 373]

again he held his head high, watching the judges as they whispered together on the platform.

"Number 54 wins the five-dollar prize and the blue ribbon for the most attractive costume," announced one of the men. "Number 54."

Juan looked about to see who was the winner. There was a little gush of noise from the excited children, but no one came forward.

"Will number 54 step up and claim the prize?" Again the judge's voice boomed out. "The name of the winner is—um—let's see." He bent down over the paper. "Yes—Juan Felipe Lopez."

Juan drew in his breath. Surely, he of all people couldn't have won the prize. Hands pushed him forward. Dazed with surprise, he stumbled to the edge of the platform.

"Wait!"

A deep voice brought Juan to a halt. Glancing over his shoulder he saw a policeman standing behind him.

"Where did you get that dog?"

Juan flushed. From the man's tone, people would think he had no right to walk with the dog!

"What is the matter, officer?" The judge frowned. "Is there any reason why this boy should not have the prize?"

"Just a minute and we'll find out. You come with me." The policeman put a rough hand on

Safe Fun for Little Tots



NO NEED to worry about your children when they are riding on this velocipede! You can be sure that an Iver Johnson will never break and cause injuries. Iver Johnson Velocipedes are sturdily built to stand the hard usage they get from husky youngsters... and will continue to give this riding satisfaction for years.

More than 43 years of experience in making bicycles insure correct design and extra strength in Iver Johnson Velocipedes wherever it is needed. Tough drop forgings protect the points of greatest strain. Nuts and bolts are concealed wherever possible. Oversize non-skid tires make riding safer and more comfortable. Iver Johnson Velocipedes are built in four different sizes. Color choice of Red, Blue, or Golden, with DUCO white head.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN, TOO

Give the little older boys and girls a healthful outdoor exercise with an easy riding Iver Johnson Juniorcycle. Like every Iver Johnson product, it is high-grade throughout and practically unbreakable and hence safe for years of service.

HANDSOME COLOR CATALOG FREE

Send today for FREE catalog "B," showing all models of Iver Johnson Velocipedes as well as Juniorcycles and Bicycles for older boys, girls, and for adults.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
10 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON

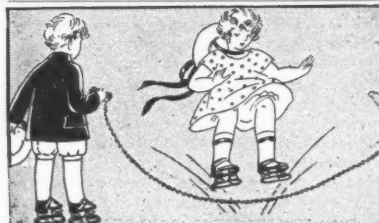


Swift as an arrow, smooth-running as a birch canoe, strong as an Indian Buck! This different and better skate has full BALLOON wheels—steel tread or rubber tires. Truss construction makes it the strongest skate made. Concealed spring action (instead of old age-hardening rubber cushions) give flexibility never before attained. **GUARANTEE**—to replace four wheels for every single wheel that splits in service. Ask your dealer or write us.

Chieftain, rubber tire, \$3.50 pair
Chieftain, regular, \$2.25 pair
Junior Model, \$1.75 pair
Add 10c to above prices and order direct. If your dealer can't supply you



KoKoMo STAMPED METAL CO.
KOKOMO INDIANA



Wings on Your Feet!

Every child gets a thrill out of bouncing like a rubber ball. Just think how much fun he or she can have on Kangru-Springshus. Better than jumping on the bed—they go on like roller skates—in no time a tiny tot of 4 years learns to run, walk, jump, dance or do countless other things.

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU
BETTER THAN JUMPING ON THE BED



\$3 a Pair

Add 50c West of the Rockies

Go to your DEALER
If he can't supply you—SEND COUPON

LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.
704 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois
Enclosed is P. O. Money Order
Express Money Order for \$.....
Please send.....pairs Rubber Sole Kangru-Springshus with the understanding that this money will be refunded if not satisfactory.
Name.....Age.....
Address.....Weight.....
City.....State.....



Juan's shoulder. "Bring the dog with you."

Juan held his head high as they pushed through the crowd. He had done nothing wrong! But instead of the happiest boy in the world, he was now the most miserable.

"Here he is, Mrs. Hammond. He won't say how he got your dog."

"But—but," Juan stuttered, overcome with surprise at the officer's words, for he had not given him a chance to explain.

"Tell me."

The lady in the car smiled at him and Juan lost his fear. All in a breath he told her how the dog had come to him, and, quite before he knew it, he had explained about Lobos and the lost nets, too.

"Officer!" The lady held up her hand. "This will be all right. Go claim Juan's prize for him, and bring it here."

"Yes, Mrs. Hammond." The policeman saluted.

"Then—then I'll get the prize after all?" Juan's face brightened.

Mrs. Hammond nodded. "But that isn't all you'll get. When Snowball, here, disappeared three days ago, I offered a twenty-five-dollar reward to anyone who would return him. You have earned the money, Juan."

"Twenty-five dollars!" His eyes were round. "Plus five makes—thirty!" Juan couldn't believe his ears.

"What will you do with all that money?" The lady glanced down at his bare feet. "I suppose you'll buy shoes."

"Oh, no." He shook his head. "Of course, I'd like shoes, but Papa



SUNSHINE BATHS BRING HEALTH and Strength to Children

No matter whether your child is strong and healthy or weak and ailing, he will derive great benefit from 15 minutes daily in the "Sunshine" of a

CARBORAY
ARC LAMP

A new and better ultra-violet ray lamp. A wonderful health builder for men, women and children. Quickly drives away aches and pains and overcomes diseases. Particularly helpful for children. Improves blood circulation. Gives added strength and vigor to all parts of the body. Ideal for use in doctor's office, hospital and home.

If children could be kept outdoors in fresh air and sunshine every day they would seldom be sick. Bring sunshine to them in the form of Carborays. With a CARBORAY ARC LAMP, daily sunshine treatments can be given. Takes but a few minutes. Amazing results in a few weeks time. Every parent should know all the facts about Carbo-rays. (Agents wanted.)

Write for **FREE FOLDER**

Cincinnati Automatic Machine Co., Dept. 10, Cincinnati, O.

Cuticura Soap Is Pure and Sweet Ideal for Children

Sample Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden, Mass.

Your assurance of perfection...



the BABETTE label

ONLY when a juvenile garment bears this identification mark, can you be sure that it is made from 100% pure, fine quality silk which is made to wear well under hard knocks and is guaranteed washable.

Always demand BABETTE in infants' and children's wear

An interesting little booklet entitled "Their Shopping Adventures," is sent together with a swatch of Babette, large enough for a handkerchief, for 10c. It contains valuable style hints for mothers on dressing children, and is also a delightful story for the kiddies.



CAPITOL Silk Corp., 171 Madison Ave., N.Y.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing herewith ten cents. Please send me your booklet "Their Shopping Adventures" and a swatch of Babette for a silk handkerchief.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

I buy my children's clothing at

Name of dealer requested.....

Dealer's address.....

DOGS

Does your puppy play all day with his hair uncombed?



YOU wouldn't go to school with your hair uncombed, would you? Neither does your puppy like to go around with his hair matted and matted. Other children are brushing their pets with these brushes that make their dogs squirm and wiggle, as the wire bristles tickle the dog's back. Every pup will stand still while he is being brushed and scamper away when you have finished. Two special brushes for short hair dogs are only \$1.00, with 13 cents extra if you live west of the Mississippi and in Canada. And if your dog has long hair, the special set of two brushes is \$2.00, with 23 cents extra to go to Uncle Sam for carrying them west of the Mississippi and in Canada. **State breed of dog.** Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Illustrated Booklet is Free for the Asking

L. S. WATSON MFG. CO., 101 Main St., Leicester, Mass.



PEKINGESE

Write at once for descriptions and pictures from the largest and best appointed kennels in the world.

\$25 up

MRS. MABEL A. BAXTER
Telephone 418
Great Neck, L. I.

SNOW WHITE ESQUIMO PUPPIES

Most perfect child's pal and playfellow. Always full of pep and will play from morning till night. A natural child's dog. We also breed Chows, Fox Terriers both smooth and wire haired and Irish Terriers. Collies, can furnish most any breed. 10c for descriptive illustrated catalogue covering care and feeding of puppies, their most common diseases and treatment. We ship on approval, guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction. Prices most reasonable.

BROCKWAYS KENNELS

Baldwin

Kansas



SCOTTISH TERRIER

The ideal dog for children. Young Stock now ready.

Prices reasonable

LOGANBRAE KENNELS
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HUGHES' DOG & CAT SHAMPOO

is highly recommended, contains no acid or coal tar products, will not irritate the membrane or cause the eye to smart. **Send \$1.00** for can which contains from 25 to 35 applications.

Experience teaches that it can be used with excellent results for shampooing the human hair.

Laboratory Dept.

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1466 W. 28th Street

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A real guardian and companion. No other dog equal to him for children, car or house. Affectionate, kind and gentle, yet, a wonderful guard. Puppies and brood matrons for sale. Folder giving brief history and characteristics. Price 10c.

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100 Police puppies. To register. Strongheart Bloodlines. All colors. Females \$15.00, males \$25.00. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval.

THOMAS H. DAILEY - Hannaford, N. Dakota

WHITE SCOTCH COLLIES

pedigreed

Dogs you will be proud to own at prices you can afford to pay—ten dollars up
H. A. TURGASEN - Mauston, Wis.

needs the money to buy new nets, so he can go fishing again. Then maybe, if there is any left, perhaps I can get Lobos back."

"Juan." Mrs Hammond leaned forward. "Will you promise me that you will buy yourself some new overalls and a pair of shoes, if I arrange to have Lobos returned to you?"

"Oh, senora—would you?"

"Yes," she said briskly, "I'm on my way to Salinas now. Write the name and address of the man who has him here." She held out a little notebook and a gold pencil. "Don't forget to put down your own address, too."

Juan had just finished writing when the policeman returned with the five-dollar-bill and a blue ribbon.

"This ribbon belongs to Snowball." He held up the silk badge. "And I guess the prize does, too, because if it hadn't been for him, I never could have marched in the parade."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Hammond laughed. "Snowball will be glad to have this nice ribbon to add to others he's won, but it was you, Juan, who won the prize. You looked so happy that people naturally wanted you to have it! And here is the reward money." She handed him some bills. "What color shoes will you buy?"

"Brown." Juan grinned as he looked down at his bare toes. "Jack wears brown ones."

"Well, I shall expect to see you wearing them to-morrow when I bring Lobos to you. Good-bye, Juan." Waving her hand, she spoke to the chauffeur and the big car rolled away down the street toward Salinas.

Juan stood there until the car was out of sight. Wouldn't Madre be surprised when she saw he had a pair of shoes? And wouldn't Papa be glad when he gave him the money for the nets? And then to-morrow would bring Lobos back to him!

"Gee!" He whistled to himself in the best American manner as he started down the street to the shoe store. "I got all my wishes, every one. Gee, it's been a wonderful day!"

Cash's NAMES

for marking clothing while at Camp.

FREE! YOUR OWN FIRST NAME

TO introduce Cash's Names to you before the camping season starts we will send you FREE one dozen of your own first name woven in fast color thread. Use Cash's Names for marking all your clothing and laundry which will then never be lost. J. & J. CASH, Inc.
138 th St., South Norwalk, Conn.



Youngsters Take to THIS Toothpaste!

It is made especially for them

CHILDREN don't have to be coaxed to brush their teeth morning and night with Jack and Jill Toothpaste. They like it and their teeth are safe in it's newly discovered, scientific protection.

The glistening loveliness of sound, white teeth in later years is every mother's hope for her child. But without adequate and proper care in childhood, permanent teeth grow in—sadly handicapped—sometimes even beyond repair.

From infancy to 14 years teeth are "soft." The enamel is delicate and thin. The soap and grit in adult toothpastes often does young teeth more harm than good. A dentifrice, to be safe for children, must be entirely free from grit and soap. It must clean and polish without injury to thin enamel.

Jack and Jill Toothpaste for Children is such a toothpaste—it is free from grit; no lather because it has no soap. Cleans and polishes without injury even to an infant's tooth enamel.

After using a tube of Jack and Jill Toothpaste, your child will never want to use any other. Help your boy and girl to strong, beautiful teeth.

GUARANTEE: Entire satisfaction to parent and child, or of course, assured or money back.

JACK AND JILL
Tooth Paste
for CHILDREN

Not yet on sale at all drug stores—order by coupon below

Special Introductory OFFER

This coupon is worth 10c to 40c.

Jack and Jill Health Products, Inc.
576 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith

☐ 25c for one large size 35c tube or

☐ 50c for four large size 35c tubes, of

Jack and Jill Toothpaste for Children, postage prepaid. C. L. I.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____





CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor
536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BUTTERCUPS

Now down in the meadow
So bright and gay,
Where is bright buttercup
Hiding to-day?

Buttercup, buttercup,
Wake up, dear.
The birds are singing.
And June is here.

Age 12. DOROTHY R. WARREN,
Wenonah, N. J.

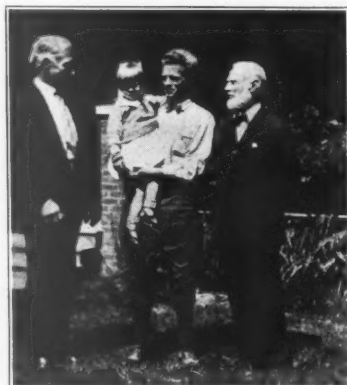
WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE

On March 10th after a snowstorm, the principal of our school told us that we were to go to Whittier's birthplace that afternoon. A few of the girls went in automobiles and the others went on the electric cars. A lot of the girls took snowshoes and we snowshoed over the grounds.

The house is square with a room built off the kitchen for the keeper. There is a large well at the front corner of the house which, as Whittier described it in "Snow-bound," "looked like the leaning tower of Pisa." The kitchen of the house is very large with a large fireplace where there still hangs an old farmer's almanac dated 1821. There is a little bedroom that leads off into the kitchen which was Whittier's mother's room. We saw the little graveyard where the poet's ancestors were buried.

After spending a perfect afternoon at the home of the poet, we went back to school happy.

Age 10. BETTY JOHNSTON,
Merrimac, Mass.



Dear Miss Waldo:

My daddy writes for your magazine and buys it for me and I look at all the pictures. Last month in the letter box was a picture of a little girl and her brother, and I thought it would be nice to send you a picture of me and my father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather. Last week we went riding ever so far, my mother and my daddy and me. And when we got to De Land, there was my grandfather's house and he was out in front of it, and when the car stopped he took me right out and said, "Come, see who is here." And my great-grandfather was sitting on the porch. He had come down from way up north to see all of us. So we played tag in the garden and my great-grandfather

chased me all around the nasturtium bed and caught me. Then we all had our picture taken.

NANCY AYERS NEWELL,
Fruitland Park, Fla.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL

Good-by, little desk at school, good-by,
We're off to the fields and open sky.
The bells of the brooks and the woodland
bells
Are calling us out to the vales and dells,
But we shall come back in the fall, you know,
As glad to come as to go;
With ever a laugh and never a sigh,
Good-by, little desk at school, good-by.

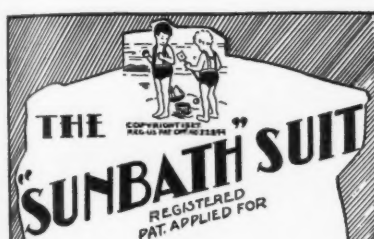
Age 9. MILDRED SEYMOUR,
Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

My dear Miss Waldo:

I will never forget my visit to "Child Life." It is so nice to know how my favorite book is made up and to think of you all as I read it. I call it my book. Mother reads it every night before I go to sleep and I learn so many of the little poems from it.

I talk over the radio every other Saturday between 11 a.m. and 12 noon, and I would love to hear from other little boys and girls who read my magazine and hear me over the radio. Thank you, Miss Waldo, for my Joy Givers' Club membership card. It was so pretty.

Age 4. Your little reader,
BETTY JANE FETTER,
Chicago, Ill.



Mother dresses her children so they'll look cute

By slipping on them
The "SUNBATH" SUIT
(Reg.)

She knows that physicians
have said it's the best,

Knows the Sun's Rays
will give Health and Zest,

Knows the suit's wool
of the real finest grade,

Which makes it dry
quickly in sun or shade.

Knows it's ideal for
home, beach and water,

Knows that it's made for
both son and daughter.

Sizes—2-4-6, in
suitable colors—

Packed in glassine
envelopes—

Price \$1.65—your local
dealer carries the

"Sunbath" Suit. If not,
(Reg.) write direct to the
company.



SNOOKUMS

Let us send your children an
unusual picture of Snookums,
the little moving picture and
Comic Section Star wearing
the "Sunbath" Suit.
(Reg.)

CLIMAX Bathing Suit Co.
3rd. & WESTMORELAND STS.
PHILADELPHIA, PA
DEPT. C

OUR TRIP

Last summer my mother and father and sister and I all took a trip to Denver. It took us just six days to go. We started the first of June. We visited some relatives of ours. When we got to Denver, we went to my uncle's to stay.

The second day we were there we went to the mountains. They were the first mountains I ever saw. The first night we camped by a big mountain.

We stayed in Colorado all summer.

ROBERT E. WHEELER,
Carlock, Ill.
Age 8.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

Oh, the house in the woods
Is a dear little place,
With its neat little hedge
That reminds you of lace.

And in front of that house
Are vines growing high,
That aspire to observe
The stars of the sky.

When the world is asleep
And the moon is awake,
I will dream of this house
Snuggled down by the lake.

GLENN MYERS,
Santa Monica, Calif.
Age 12½.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We moved from Chicago to California. I miss my friends, but I love the scenery here. Last week we drove up to Eureka, California. We drove through miles of redwoods. They were old when Jesus was a baby. I kept looking at the trees when this poem came to my mind. Daddy gave me his pencil and I wrote this poem down. Here is a picture taken that day near Robert Louis Stevenson's old home.



REDWOOD TREES

Redwood, redwood grows so high.
Redwood, redwood touches the sky.

Redwood lifts her leafy arms
To show us all her lovely charms.

Redwood, redwood lives so long
And lives with all the birds' sweet song.

Redwood lives among the streams
And stands there years and years and
dreams.

GWEN SWANBERG,
Oakland, Calif.
Age 8.



Are you giving BABY'S TEETH the proper care?

Send for book describing
this new method advised
by baby specialists

DENTAL and medical authorities are impressing upon mothers the vital importance of the baby teeth. It is now realized that failure to give them proper care may impair the child's health and cause the permanent teeth to come in crowded and crooked. The leading magazine on baby health and child care recently stated:

"Decayed first teeth mean imperfect mastication and poor digestion. Their care is a major, not minor, matter as erroneously supposed for so many years."

BABYDENT, the formula of a well-known children's dental specialist, is the first safe, scientific and convenient dentifrice made expressly for babies from five months to three years. It comes in a beautiful metal box, containing a jar of mild, pure Cream with sanitary Finger Applicators for applying it.

The taste of BABYDENT is so pleasant that your baby will sit quiet during the massage and cleansing. Its regular use keeps the teeth free from stains which are the forerunners of decay. It helps to soothe the pain that often accompanies teething. Baby specialists, physicians and dentists have given BABYDENT enthusiastic approval.

Babydent

for BABY GUMS and TEETH



FREE

"The Care of Baby Gums and Teeth" is a book which gives facts every mother should know to insure sound teeth and healthy gums for her baby. Send for free copy, Children's Clinical Laboratory, Dept. D-1, Granville, New York.

Mail the Coupon

CHILDREN'S CLINICAL LABORATORY Dept. D-1, Granville, N. Y.	
Send me, without charge, your book, "The Care of Baby Gums and Teeth."	
Name.....
Address.....
City.....	State.....



HAPPINESS—INSTRUCTION—ENTERTAINMENT
BURGESS BEDTIME STORY BOOKLETS
 by Thornton W. Burgess, 6 entertaining instructive booklets, beautifully illustrated in colors on every page by Harrison Cady; heavy coated paper, 12 pages, 5x7 inches, packed in handsome box. Price 50 cents. Included free for thirty days 6 miniature fairy tale booklets.

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 by Grace G. Drayton, beautifully printed in colors on heavy cardboard; four folders 10x12 1/2 inches, each containing 4 sets of Cutouts—130 different pieces to cut out and play with; tied with handsome ribbon. Price 50 cents.

Sold at leading stores or mailed on receipt of price
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Interesting Books



Peter and Prue really felt sorry for the man in the moon, for the poor fellow had nothing to eat but milk and butter and cheese. Their trip to the moon is only one of the exciting things that happened when they became lost in the sky.

Price \$1.50

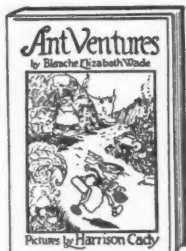
RAND McNALLY & CO.

Publishers
 New York CHICAGO San Francisco

Life for Anthony Ant was just one thrill after another. He had lots of funny ant ventures and would even hunt up little green worms to stew for supper.

You will love this story with its fascinating pictures by Harrison Cady.

Price \$1.50.



If your dealer cannot supply you, the Book-Elf will be glad to take care of your order. Address

BOOK-ELF

RAND McNALLY BOOKSHELF
 536 S. Clark Street - - - CHICAGO

BOOKS FOR THEIR OWN BOOKSHELVES

Alice Was A Lucky Girl

THE real "Alice" to whom the famous wonderland and looking-glass tales were first told, recently received fifteen thousand pounds (about seventy-five thousand dollars) for the original manuscripts.

But the real luck came to her years ago, when as a little girl she sat by the river and was the first to hear about the White Rabbit, the Queen of Hearts and all that marvelous strange company. Gold could not buy that memory from her.

Our children can share in Alice's luck. The wonderful old stories and new stories, told through all the years to children, still have that first magic of the first reading ready for every boy and girl, whether they hear them by the river of a summer afternoon, or read them up in the attic on a rainy day. They can recapture the magic at any time by reading the books over again. That is why they ought to have their very own bookshelves, and help to choose their own libraries.

Alice didn't have all the luck!

Of all the thousands of children entered in the WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

you may be the one to win the very first prize which includes a signed copy of David Newell's book

"COUGARS & COWBOYS"

But if you are not the lucky one, perhaps Dad will buy the book for you. He will enjoy it as much as you.

\$2.00 at your local bookstore

or

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Wonder Tales from Pirate Isles

By FRANCIS JENKINS OLCOTT

To thrilling tales of adventure and mystery in the Dutch East Indies are added bits of information about the customs and manners of the people. Lovely illustrations, \$2.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York

Airplane Swing



Kiddies Go Wild Over Flying Fun

Here's a plane they can really ride—no make-believe—and it rides like a real plane. Three places to sit or stand—plenty of places to hold on.

Four Point Suspension—Can't Tip
 Safe and sturdy. Brilliant red body 4 feet long. Natural wood wings, pilot seat and handle.

Packed Flat. Set Up in Ten Minutes
 Hang it on the porch, in the attic, basement, under a tree, or wherever children play.

Keep Youngsters Home—Off the Street
 You'll know where they are when they have an Airplane Swing.

If your dealer can't supply you, we'll send you one on receipt of \$3.75

Hunt-Helm-Ferris & Co., Inc.
 350 Front St. Harvard, Illinois

Dear Miss Waldo:

Each of us receive a copy of our magazine each month, and like it very much. We like best of all to cut out the paper dolls every month and make dresses for them that we color.

We also have three beautiful Japanese water flowers. They are wonderful. All you have to do is to put them in water and in a second you have a beautiful flower.

MARY JANE NICHOLSON, age 11

BILLIE NICHOLSON, age 9
Joliet, Ill.



BILLIE AND MARY JANE

Dear CHILD LIFE:

Though this is only the second year I have taken you, it seems more like ten years. My favorite thing is the Kitchen page. I sometimes try and make some of the things. It is just two and a half months since I have come back from France and England. France is a marvelous country. We visited Versailles and Fontainebleau where Napoleon lived with Josephine, his wife. We went to Barbizon, a small French village where J. F. Millet lived with a wife and seven children. He was one of the world's best artists.

In London we saw the Tower and Lady Grey's cell. I am very glad I learned French in Canada because I found it very useful.

Yours very sincerely,

DOROTHY PATRICIA HARDY,
Ottawa, Ont., Can.

THE GOLDEN TOP

One day when a little boy was picking up all of his toys, the brownies hopped in and helped him. Before they left, they gave the little boy a cup with a golden top. Whenever the little boy was hungry he would rub the golden top and say, "Little top, I am hungry. I want some milk." And there would be a cup of nice milk.

But one day when the little boy rubbed the top, no milk came. So he went close to the chimney and said, "Brownies! Something's wrong with my little top!"

The brownies looked at the top and it was the wrong top. An old witch had taken his top, so the brownies found the old witch and brought the little boy his bright golden top again.

Then the little boy could rub his golden top and say, "Little top! I want some milk to drink!" and there would be a cup full of nice milk.

A cup of milk to drink
Is very nice, I think.

EDWARD RADLEY,
Conway, Ark.

Age 4½.

NIGHT SONG

Down in the meadow drowsy with sleep,
Little shadows silently creep,
While in the house curtained in deep
Sweet little baby is sound asleep.

ESTHER K. CHRISTENSEN,
St. Charles, Ill.

Age 9.



They Slide to Happy Hours

AT LAST you can have just what you've been wanting for a long time and at a cost which is within everyone's reach. We have designed this slide especially for home use and the little tots of two can enjoy it as much as the older children.

Description of Slide

Bedway of "Armco" Galvanized Iron, Side rails of Select Maple, Stairs of wood, Railing of high carbon steel pipe. Height 3 ft. length 6 ft.

The slide is portable, and is not difficult to move from place to place. Side rails are yellow, the stairs red, and the hand rails bright green.

Know where your young ones are and know that they are safe!

The Kiddie Slide may be used in your playground, back yard or basement and may be easily moved from place to place.

MITCHELL MFG. CO.
1616 Forest Home Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

☐ Send complete literature on the Kiddie Slide.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Have you read about
"Your Gift to Mother"
See Page 355

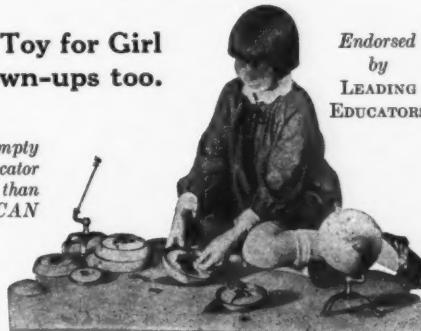
REMEMBER
CHILDREN'S DAY
June 16, 1928

"THE INVENTION OF THE CENTURY" The World in Pieces

An Educator and Toy for Girl
and Boy and Grown-ups too.

Endorsed
by
LEADING
EDUCATORS

Puzzles are as old as Humpty Dumpty. The Geographic Educator is a new one. It is more fun than Humpty Dumpty, because IT CAN be put together. An unbreakable combination of Educator, Toy, Globe and Puzzle.



THE GLOBE ATLAS IN 7 REMOVABLE SECTIONS

Six of them, picturing the World's continents cut into pieces makes a highly instructive puzzle.

The first Globe was made 436 years ago. For the first time in history, the Globe has been divided. Your children will play for hours while they are learning where different peoples in the world live.

It speaks for itself. Here you have a globe in its actual shape, and in its subdivisions, the six different Continents further subdivided into the shape of the different countries in each continent.

Beautifully finished in excellent serviceable material of many colors. The Geographic Educator makes a fine present for your boy or girl.

GEOGRAPHIC EDUCATOR CORP.

208 Rawson St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Please send me descriptive folder of the Geographic Educator. ☐

Enclosed find check or money order for \$7.50 for one Geographic Educator. ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Celebrate "4th of July"

Get this Assortment of FIREWORKS Only \$2 Safe and Same of FIREWORKS Only \$2 within the Law



BOYS! this outfit is prepared especially to enable you to celebrate a real 4th of July. This wonderful assortment (worth \$3.00 at any retail store) gives a day's fun for the whole family. Consists of 6 packs Chinese Firecrackers, 2 colored fire torches, 6 Roman candles, 1 Aerial Report, 1 colored star mine, 6 boxes sparklers (10 in a box), 36 pieces of penny snakes in grass (3 boxes), 1 can colored fire burns R. W. B., 1 piece Dragons Nest, 12 American Bang-Salutes, 12 pieces nigger chasers, 12 pieces grasshopper, 12 pieces of ruby lights, 12 pieces Yip Yaps, 12 pieces "Gus" Pin Wheels, 12 pieces assorted Dipped Sticks and Punk for lighting. All complete in a neat wood box. You can't beat it for variety, quantity, quality and price. Order now—don't wait. Fireworks cannot be mailed. Name your express office. We ship same day. Our booklet of celebration goods free. Send for it also. Remittance must accompany order.

BRAZEL NOVELTY MFG. CO.
33 Ella Street Cincinnati, Ohio

DOES YOUR YOUNGSTER COLLECT STAMPS?

Most of them do, at some time or other. It can be a fascinating, instructive hobby, and a source of true enjoyment through life. Or it can be a waste of time. This depends somewhat on the parent. We like to think that what we sell serves a useful purpose. Let us send you FREE of charge our illustrated book, *The Beginning Stamp Collector*, a guide of proved usefulness.



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Philatelic Headquarters since 1860



MODERN MOTHERS APPROVE!

Progressive mothers everywhere have acclaimed the Jack & Jill Utilizer as a unique and ingenious method indispensable for the proper training of children. Fascinating and instructive, inculcates in the child's mind the importance of utilizing their spare time for useful purposes. The Jack & Jill Time Utilizer consists of an 18 x 24 inch Home Bulletin and full instructions and suggestions how to apply this plan. All sent postpaid for \$1.00. If you are not delighted your money will be returned.

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246-5th Ave. Dept 39 N.Y.C.



See Miles Away!
with Big 3 1/2 Ft. Telescope
Brings distant people and objects close to your eyes. Wonder telescope opens over 175 ft. long, 5 big sections, brass bound, 8-power lenses. Ideal for sports, camping, travel.

5 DAY TRIAL 5 Sections 8 Power

Read numbers on freight car mile away—A. A. Palmer
FREE CARRYING CASE AND SHOULDER STRAP

SEND NO MONEY
On arrival pay postman \$1.95, plus postage (3 for \$3.00). Or send \$1.95 and we pay postage. Try 5 days. Money refunded if not delighted. Send today.
FERRY & CO., DEPT. 1132 CHICAGO, U. S. A.

PICTURES IN BABY'S ROOM
They won't fall when hung on **Moore Push-less Hangers** (The Hanger with the Twist)
Write for free samples
10c Pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia
Originators of the world famous Moore Push-Pins

THE CHILD LIFE DOG DEPARTMENT will be glad to tell you which dogs make the best companions and recommend good kennels near your home. Just address your letter to

CHILD LIFE Dog Department,
536 S. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG

My neighbor's dog is very slim,
He shakes a bit in every limb,
He is a little puppy, too.
He made our kitten say, "Meeyew!"
He is so very, very queer,
I gave him meat, the little dear.

SHERMAN RIPLEY, JR.
Age 11. Hartford, Conn.



SHERMAN RIPLEY, JR.

A BRAVE DEED

Once there was a little girl who lived near the edge of a wood; this wood was very dark and it was said that wild animals roamed in it. Alice was the name of this little girl; she was ten years old. Alice had a little brother called Jack, who was eight years old.

At school one day, the teacher read the children a story about helping others in distress. Alice thought she could never do as brave a deed as the little girl in the story.

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Age 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

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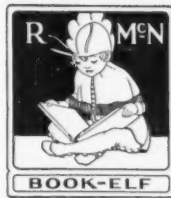
The Balloon Man Flies with Racing Clouds



Book-Elf and Jack Save the Dream Man

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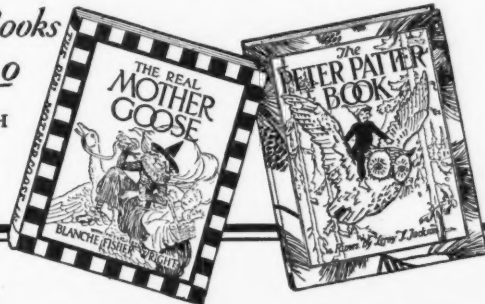
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(To be continued)

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☐ I want to know more about the people and animals in Storyland. Please send me postpaid a copy of your booklet, "Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection."

☐ Help me to select books for the boys and girls whose names and ages I am sending herewith.

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MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG

My neighbor's dog is very slim,
He shakes a bit in every limb,
He is a little puppy, too.
He made our kitten say, "Meeyew!"
He is so very, very queer,
I gave him meat, the little dear.

SHERMAN RIPLEY, JR.

Age 11. Hartford, Conn.



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A BRAVE DEED

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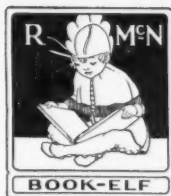
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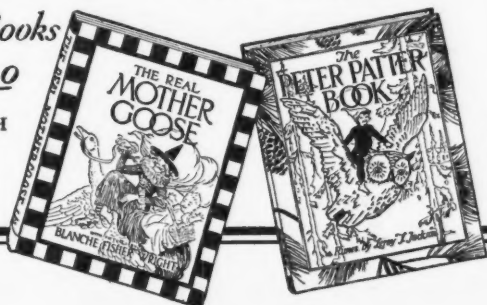
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